

MICHIGAN FARMER

—AND—
State Journal of Agriculture.

A Weekly Newspaper devoted to the industrial and producing interests of Michigan.

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The Michigan Farmer

—AND—
State Journal of Agriculture.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1884.

SPECIAL NOTICE

From and after this date the subscription price of the MICHIGAN FARMER will be One Dollar and Fifty Cents (\$1.50) per annum, and this includes postage. As the postage is about eighteen cents per year on a single copy, our readers will admit that we are getting down to bed-rock. The FARMER is not a cheap paper, published by its owners for some ulterior object. We do not run an insurance office or manufacture agricultural implements, hence we cannot afford to compete with some publishers who do. They are willing to give you a copy for 25 or 50 cents per year, and rely upon getting four times the price of the FARMER out of you during the year by so doing.

Remember, \$1.50, postage included, is all we ask for 53 numbers of the FARMER, the blank paper of which will cost 75 cents.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week were 93,122 bu. against 170,649 bu. for the corresponding week in 1883, and the shipments were 23,649 bu. The stocks now held in this city amount to 472,157 bu., against 422,370 last week, and 579,578 the corresponding week in 1883. The visible supply of this grain on Dec. 22 was 35,431,259 bu., against 35,118,231 the previous week, and 20,614,537 bu. at corresponding date in 1883. This shows an increase over the amount in sight the previous week of 313,038 bu.

The past week has been one of stagnation in produce circles. No one seemed to care about doing business, and dealers were engaged in small "scalping" transactions, which are useful to keep their hands in until a few "woodchucks" begin to put in an appearance. Values have worked slowly downwards until cash wheat is nearly 2c per bu. lower than a week ago.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of wheat from December 15th to December 29th:

No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4	No. 5
Dec. 15	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2
16	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2
17	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2
18	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2
19	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2
20	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2
21	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2
22	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2
23	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2
24	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2
25	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2
26	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2
27	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2
28	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2
29	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2

There was no business done on the Board from Saturday until Thursday, making a very short week. At other points the market are in about the same condition as our own, the movement of stock being light, trade dull, and values lower. The unfortunate condition of many industries, notable those of iron, wool and lumber, is having the effect of depressing the whole trade of the country and seriously affecting the produce markets. How long this depression is to continue would need a greater prophet than Vennor to determine.

The speculative dealings during the week were light, only amounting to 175,000 bushels on Saturday, and all deals were much depressed. The following table shows the closing prices of the various deals during the week:

	Jan.	Feb.	March
Tuesday	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2
Wednesday	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2
Thursday	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2
Friday	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2
Saturday	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.03 1/2

The foreign demand is falling off, and though receipts are rapidly declining, the amount of wheat in sight is a little larger than reported last week. The English markets are equally as dull as our own, and farmers over there are feeling the low prices very seriously at a time of the year when they must have money.

The following table shows the prices ruling at Liverpool on Monday last, as compared with those of one week previous:

	Dec. 22	Dec. 29
Flour, extra	12s. 0 d.	12s. 0 d.
do No. 1	11s. 6 d.	11s. 6 d.
do No. 2	11s. 0 d.	11s. 0 d.
do No. 3	10s. 6 d.	10s. 6 d.
do No. 4	10s. 0 d.	10s. 0 d.
do No. 5	9s. 6 d.	9s. 6 d.
do No. 6	9s. 0 d.	9s. 0 d.

CORN AND OATS.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 67,997 bu., and the shipments were 54,783 bu. The visible supply in the country on Dec. 22 amounted to 7,164,258 bu., against 8,815,376 bu. the previous week, and 8,233,405 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows an increase during the week of 348,885 bu. The stocks now held in this city amount to 74,259 bu., against 73,027 bu. last week, and 17,094 at the corresponding date in 1883. Two years ago the visible supply at this date amounted to 17,383,237 bu., or 8,217,929 bu. more than at present. Corn, in common with all grains, is lower, and at most points is dull and neglected. The decline in this market is light. No. 2 spot being quoted at 54 1/2c per bu. against 55c one week ago. New mixed is selling at 50 1/2c per spot and 52c for February delivery. New rejected sold on Saturday at 49c per bu. The Chicago market is active but at a lower range

of values. No. 2 corn is quoted there at 57 1/2c for spot, 57 1/2c for December delivery, 56c for January, 56 1/2c for February, and 55c for May. The Toledo market is quoted dull at 53c per bu. for cash No. 2, 52 1/2c for January delivery, and 50c for May. The Liverpool market is quoted steady at a decline of 1 1/2d. per cental during the week, the quotations there being 5s. 3 1/2d. per cental.

The receipts of oats in this market the past week were 20,785 bu., and the shipments were 7,113 bu. The visible supply of this grain on Dec. 22 was 6,197,271 bu., against 3,362,835 bu. at the corresponding date in 1883. Stocks in this city Saturday amounted to 68,304 bu., against 72,693 bu. the previous week, and 49,801 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows an increase during the week of 302,717 bu. Oats are quiet and prices show a decline during the week. No. 2 white are quoted at 38c per bu., and No. 2 mixed at 37 1/2c. Street prices are 28c @ 30c per bu., the same as about a week ago. The Chicago market is also lower, cash No. 2 mixed selling there at 32 1/2c, January delivery at 32 1/2c, February at 33 1/2c, and May at 37 1/2c per bu. The New York market is quiet at about former prices. Quotations there are as follows: No. 3 mixed, 39 1/2c; No. 2 mixed 40 @ 40 1/2c; No. 1 mixed, 40 1/2c; No. 1 white, 42 1/2c @ 43c; No. 1 white, 43c; Western white 41 @ 44c. The Toledo market is quoted easy at 32c per bu., a decline of 2c during the week. January delivery is quoted at same figures.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

Our local butter market is completely demoralized with a lot of worthless stuff in the shape of re-worked and repacked crocks and rolls of varied hues and flavors, that dealers are working off whenever the slightest opening presents itself. Of really good butter it is difficult to secure even small lots and it commands good prices. Receivers are quoting 20c as the best they can offer for the selections of the receipts, while low grade stuff, of a suspicious character, is difficult to dispose of at over 10 @ 12c 1/2 lb. There is no doubt but that a great deal of the low grade is the product of the oleomargarine factory, and many consumers prefer to do without rather than risk eating such stuff. The Chicago market is also very dull, but prices are well sustained for choice. Quotations there are as follows: Fancy creamery, 35 @ 36c; fair to choice do, 28 @ 30c; choice dairy, 23 @ 24c; fair to good do, 18 @ 20c; common grades, 14 @ 16c; packing stock 10 @ 10 1/2c. The New York market is slow and rather unsettled, but with prices on all grades of good butter well maintained. Quotations on State stock in that market are as follows: Fancy creamery, 35 @ 36c; choice do, 33 @ 34c; prime do, 30 @ 32c; fair to good do, 25 @ 28c; ordinary do, 19 @ 22c; best tubs and pails, 30c, fine do, 28 @ 30c good do, 22 @ 25c; and fair do, 18 @ 20c 1/2 lb. Quotations on western stock are as follows:

Western imitation creamery, choice	34 @ 35
do, good to prime	28 @ 30
Western do, ordinary to fair	18 @ 20
Western dairy, best	22 @ 23
do, fair to good	18 @ 20
Western dairy, ordinary	15 @ 18
Western factory, best current make	18 @ 20
do, fair to good	13 @ 15
Western factory, ordinary	9 @ 12 1/2

Elgin, Ill., creamery, when it can be had, is selling at 40c and upward, which shows how much quality has to do with prices when butter is concerned.

Cheese is quoted in this market at 14 @ 15c 1/2 lb., and second quality at 12 1/2 @ 13c. The demand fair, and as stocks are light there is a steady tone to the trade. In Chicago the market is quiet and steady, with stocks rather light of the best grades and demand is equally so. Quotations there are as follows: Full cream cheddars, 1 1/2 lb., 12 1/2 @ 13c; full cream flats, 13c; flats slightly skimmed, 8 1/2 @ 9c; common to fair skims, 7 1/2 @ 8c; low grades, 2 @ 5c; Young America, 1 1/2 @ 14c 1/2 lb. The New York market may be quoted steady and unchanged. The local demand, especially for the top grades of fancy, is good, while shippers are rather inclined to hold off. Holders, however, are very firm, and all business that is done is at full prices. Quotations in that market are as follows:

State factory, fancy	12 1/2 @ 13 1/2
State factory, prime	12 @ 12 1/2
State factory, fair to good	12 @ 12 1/2
Ohio flats, fancy	12 @ 12 1/2
Ohio flats, good to prime	10 @ 11 1/2
Ohio flats, ordinary	5 @ 7
Factory skims, choice	8 1/2 @ 9
Factory skims, good	8 @ 8 1/2
Factory skims, fair	4 1/2 @ 5 1/2

The Liverpool market is quoted steady at 62 1/2d. per cwt., the same price as quoted one week ago.

PORK AND HOGS.

The provision market shows some weakness, and barreled pork and lard are lower than a week ago. This has been caused by a decline in live hogs, helped by the lessened demand during the week and the break-up in the weather. The damp and warm weather of the past few days has affected the market badly, and had not receipts been very light there would have been a heavy decline. As it is there is no strength in either hogs or pork, and if the unfavorable weather continues lower prices may be looked for. Packers are only paying \$6.60 for heavy dressed hogs in this market, but retailers are paying \$7.00 for good block hogs suitable for their trade. Returns from the principal packing cities show a further reduction in the number of hogs packed during the past week, 35 points reporting 3,034,000 this season against 2,920,000 a year ago. It must also be remembered that the packing last year was far below that of 1881. The Cincinnati *Press Current* says of the outlook: "We estimate that the packing at all points for the week has fallen 60,000 below the corresponding time last year, and that the aggregate shipping to date since November 1 is 140,000 hogs in excess of a year ago. In Ohio and Indiana and a large part of Illinois hogs are pretty closely marketed and the runs will not be heavy henceforward, though the season is not over by any means. In Iowa farmers are feeding the soft corn, and it is doubtful if the supplies of hogs for the remainder of the season will be less than last year. West of the Mississippi there is a larger number than a year ago, and in some districts the best hogs are still held back."

It is a bad time to send in hogs at present.

WOOL.

The eastern markets are dull and neglected, a usual state of affairs during the holidays, consequently sales during the week do not make an average showing. In Boston the sales were 1,344,900 pounds domestic and 97,500 pounds foreign; or 1,442,900 pounds in all against a total of 2,438,500 lbs. last year, and 3,766,678 lbs. in 1881. The sales of washed fleeces in that market the past week included Ohio XX and above at 40 @ 41c, Ohio X at 37 1/2 @ 38c, Michigan X at 34 @ 35c, No. 1 Ohio at 40 @ 41c, Pennsylvania X delaine at 43c, Ohio choice delaine at 40 @ 41c, and Ohio combing at 45c. Among the sales of foreign wools were 15,000 lbs. New Zealand at 40 @ 41c. The trade seems duller than at this date for the past two seasons, and any attempt to force prices at the moment would cause a decline. There is a general disposition among manufacturers to wait and see what Congress is going to do with the tariff, and until that disturbing element is eliminated from the business future of the country it is idle to expect any permanent improvement in the various lines of trade affected by it.

HOLIDAYS MEATS.

For many years past it has been the custom of Detroit butchers to vie with each other in making a display of the choicest meats to be found, at Christmas time. Quite a number have continued the practice this season, but a majority have contented themselves with placing in their stalls a supply of meats, which while it could not come under the head of what used to be classed as Christmas meat, yet is of a quality that is good enough and fat enough for any one. Our butchers here claim that the number of people who really like very fat meats, is comparatively small, and while these animals usually hung up at Christmas time are very pleasing to the eye, yet when it comes to cutting them up, the customers want it weighed to their satisfaction. The great part of the fat has been cut off, thus making this class of animals very unprofitable to handle. Each year our friend Billy Smith of the Mansfield market says that this will positively be his last display, but as Christmas time comes around, the old feeling takes hold of him and his customers are treated to a show of meats that always surpasses his previous efforts. This year is no exception, and although "Billy" was laid up sick, before the arrangements were fully completed, yet his son "Billy Jr.," with the aid of Charley Tucker and Sam Andrews, has completed the work in a manner that reflects credit on their skill and judgment. Four carcasses of the prize winners at the Chicago Fat Stock Show, are hung up entire, and then the stall is hung with quarters of choice beef and a display of Southdown sheep and lambs that has never been surpassed in Detroit. Directly opposite the stall of Mr. Smith is that of Wood & Reid, and though they have not got anything that is especially striking, there is a stall of meats that will cut up profitably for themselves and be appreciated by their customers.

Messrs. Belknap & Drake have a fine display, and though Mr. Drake, who has charge of this department, has been in bed for several weeks, the work has been attended to in the usual good style. The stall has been hung round with choice beef and Southdown mutton, while for a center piece, the steer fed at the Oakland County Poor house is hung up entire. As a whole the stall presents a very fine appearance.

In the Central Market, but little has been done in the way of display. Thomas Barlum shows up to his customers a very fine stall of meats, but nothing very unusual. Tom has a class of customers that want good meats the year round and he sees that they are supplied.

Our friend Captain Owen has made no particular effort in the way of a Christmas show, but with a stall of good meats, and the Captain's winning smile, he always has a fair share of the Central Market trade—more especially the lady portion.

The Fitzpatrick Bros., have shown up with a good stall of meats, and by the way it is being carried off, we should judge it was appreciated by their customers.

Mr. Wm. Davey, on Michigan Avenue, has one of the best shows in the city. Two very choice heifers are hung up entire, a fancy lot of Leicester sheep, and an endless variety of all kinds of meats, sausages, poultry, etc. One of these heifers, a two year old, was fed by Mr. Thos. Govan, of Oxford, Oakland County and the other by Mr. O. Bliss of the same place. They are very smooth, not too fat, and will cut up in good shape.

Mr. Wm. Baxter, of Woodward Avenue, shows up again with a fine stall of meats. His meats have been selected with care, and as his customers are among the wealthiest of our city, all that is necessary to say is that they are meeting with their approval.

Mr. A. G. Loosmore, also on Woodward Avenue, has as great a penchant for Christmas displays as Billy Smith, and this year he is showing to his customers as fine a line of meats as there is in Detroit.

Mr. Wm. Wreford, who furnishes the brain food for the elite of Jefferson Avenue, has decorated his store on the corner of Jefferson Avenue and Ripelle Street, with a display of meats that would make a free lunch fender almost frantic to look upon. The uninitiated suppose that in the aesthetic circles of Jefferson Avenue the gentle maidens and would-be dudes are regaled with canary birds on toast, fricasseed nightingales' tongues and Chinese birds' nests, would be surprised to find that as consumers of choice cuts of beef, Southdown mutton, and the despised hog, they are not surpassed by the hardest worked citizen of Detroit. Wreford has taken in the situation, and the Jefferson Avenue crowd have nothing to complain of in the way of variety and quality.

How often we hear middle-aged people say regarding that reliable old cough remedy, Dr. H. Down's Ellixir: "Why, my mother gave it to me when I was a child, and I use it in my family; it always cures." Who can name another medicine with such a record as this? Dr. Baxter's Mandrake Bitters are another good medicine; and Arnica and Oil Liniment is just what it is recommended to be.

Michigan State Association, Agricultural Societies.

The eleventh annual convention of the above association, will be held at Lansing, in the Capitol Building, on Wednesday and Thursday, January 30-31, 1884. The convention begins Wednesday evening, January 30th, '84, with opening Addresses at 7:30 p. m. All Agricultural, Horticultural, and kindred societies, are entitled to representation, and are urgently requested to send three or more delegates. A cordial invitation is also extended to any and all persons not officially connected with any society, who are interested in Agriculture and its development, to attend this meeting.

An interesting programme has been prepared.

The "Farmer" in Russia.

We have received the past week a postal card from St. Petersburg, Russia, which is so very complimentary to the paper that we give it *verbatim*—or as nearly so as we can.

St. Petersburg, 4, 6 December, 1883. Judem wir es wünschen Thru wif. Journal fur's Jahr 1884 zu verschreiben. Citenwir Sie uns gef. eine Probennummer zuzusenden und den Preis mitzuteilen. Die Redaktion der Progressiven Landwirtschaft.

Our readers will see from the above that even in far off Russia the FARMER is highly appreciated. For fear some of our envious contemporaries may throw doubts upon the genuineness of the above we have placed the original on file, and will show it whenever called upon. We intended giving a full translation, but on reflection have decided not to do so. Our reasons are, first that we can't; second, that it might spoil the whole affair to have it translated.

Holstein Association.

The annual meeting of the Michigan Holstein Cattle Breeders' Association will be held in Pioneer Hall, Capitol, Lansing, Wednesday, January 16, 1884. The programme will be as follows: Assemble at 10 o'clock a. m. for such business as may come before the Association. Afternoon session, essay by Mrs. G. M. Shattuck, Pontiac, subject: "The Future of Butter-making." Lecture by Dr. Grange, V. S. Michigan Agricultural College, subject: "Some of the Diseases of Cattle and their Treatment." A full attendance is expected and ladies are especially invited.

W. K. SEXTON Sec.

The Continent Magazine has been signaling its removal to New York by the issue of several unusually attractive numbers, in every way worthy of emanating from the metropolis—no longer of commerce alone, but of art and literature as well. The first number bearing the new imprint offers some amendments to the Philadelphia one of the Continent, in an appreciative article on "The Mission of Great Art Schools," in which the career of the Philadelphia Academy is made a model, the illustrations being reproduction of paintings by Philadelphia artists abroad. A wonderfully illustrated article on Tennessee, entitled "The Princess and its Author," derives interest from the recent elevation of the poet to his baronial dignity. The career of "Robin Hood," is handsomely illustrated by Howard Pyle, and other illustrations, maintain the Continent's favorable reputation. For the Christmas number, just out, there are Christmas poems by Mary O. Brine, and the author of "Arlis, the Lybian," Christmas Stories, and other seasonal matter in abundance. The *Continent* seems to have struck a new vein of prosperity, to which its labors in behalf of good reading entitle it.

LAST week some of the parties who had been "bearing" the clover seed market, suddenly found that they had oversold themselves and could not fill their contracts. As it was speculative dealing, it was supposed that they would have to put up the difference. But the men who make their living turning over produce that they never own, and rarely handle a cargo of grain, got up a plan to beat the outsiders. They lowered the grade so as to admit of filling the contracts with anything in the shape of seed. It was the same as if they had decided that contracts for No. 1 wheat could be filled with No. 3. The *Evening News* very properly denounced this action as a swindle, and the Board in solemn convocation resolved that the reporter of that paper should apologize for the article or be excluded from the Board. We hope the *News* has sufficient courage to stand out against a lot of men who would be guilty of such a deliberate fraud. We have warned farmers that outsiders were always skinned on the Board, and this clover seed business shows how nicely it can be done.

ONE of the most prominent farmers in Washtenaw County was in the FARMER office last week, and related the following incident: The week previous a drover had purchased his hogs, and having the FARMER reports to go by he sold at full market rates. His neighbor sold at the same time and on asking him the price received, he was surprised to learn that he had sold at a price nearly one dollar per hundred below what the drover paid him. He said to his neighbor, "Don't you take the MICHIGAN FARMER."

"No, I can't afford it." "Now," said Mr. —, "that man could not afford to pay \$1.50 for a year's subscription to the FARMER, but in this one transaction he lost more money than would have paid for ten years' subscription." This is the kind of economy that if rigidly adhered to will keep a person from ever being stigmatized as a "bloated bondholder."

LAST week Messrs. E. N. Bissell & Co., of Vermont, shipped to San Francisco 53 choice Merino rams and ewes, from whence they are to be shipped by steamer to New South Wales, and sold in the Sydney market. The gentlemen engaged in this enterprise with Mr. Bissell are D. W. Prime, F. H. Farrington and Chas. Witherell. The consignees are the Australian Mortgage, Land and Finance Co., (limited), Spring Street, Sydney, New South Wales. It is the intention of the shippers' upon their arrival in Australia, to put the sheep on the auction block and sell them to the highest bidder.

We ask the attention of our readers to the advertisement in this issue of the State Savings Bank of this city. The plan, or system, upon which interest is paid up on money deposited with this bank is a new one in our State, and very favorable to depositors. The management of the bank is in the hands of capable and reputable business men; and the security offered depositors is equal to that of any savings bank in the State. If you have money lying idle, put it where it will be earning something. It will go into circulation and help industries in need of capital. You will thus increase your capital and help the general business of the country.

Of the many New Year's cards received by the FARMER this year we have to offer the palm to the one sent out by the Oliver Chilled Plow Works of South Bend, Ind. For beauty of conception, and as a work of art, it has never been surpassed by any we have seen.

NEWS SUMMARY.

Michigan.

A grain elevator is to be built at Armada. Two hundred and fifty barrels per diem is the saline product of the Marine City salt well. Saginaw Herald: Herrig's grocery house has been closed under a chattel mortgage for \$4,500. On the night of the 27th, a fire at Palo, Ionia County, destroyed six of the business houses of the place. Armada imports corn by the carload, some twenty-three or twenty-four carloads having been sold there. Fred. Groslein, brakeman on the G. R. & I., lost his foot by falling from the train at Notawau on the 27th. Dr. Franklin French, of Hillsdale, died on Christmas of neuralgia of the heart. He had lived in Hillsdale for 47 years. B. F. Partridge, J. H. Little, J. F. Romer and W. H. Fennell, are the newly elected officers of the Bay County Horticultural Society. Concord, a village of Jackson County, is prospering. A new worth of new buildings having been built there within six months. The Holly Advertiser with its customary enterprise, issued a fine illustrated holiday number for the pleasure and profit of its patrons. Adrian Times: Mr. F. Skinner, of Springville, aged about 70 years, took a dose of strychnine on Christmas day, with fatal results. The Pontiac Gazette has two subscribers who have been sent for forty consecutive years, and have just started in on the forty-first year. A pine tree was recently cut on the Anacostia river, Kent County, which scaled 7,300 feet. It is one of the largest trees ever cut in Michigan. The wrecked handle works at Shelby are again in running order. They were nearly destroyed by a boiler explosion a couple of months ago. Kalamazoo Gazette: David Branch, of Newport, was badly hurt on the 27th, by being thrown from his wagon, which was struck by a railroad engine. Eaton Rapids Journal: Wm. Ward has three sheep whose weight aggregates 559 lbs. Two are two years old, one a yearling. They are Cotswolds. The Saginaw Herald says that six years ago only 3,300 barrels of Michigan salt were sold at St. Louis. This year there have been over 300,000 barrels sold. Twenty-nine thousand peach trees were planted in Sparta, Kent County, last fall, and 6,000 more will be set in the spring. Mr. A. Cheney has planted 7,600. Prosecuting Attorney George Carter, of Muskegon County, has been removed from office by order of Gov. Bagley, after an investigation of the charges against him. It is claimed that a Grand Rapids lady received the most valuable Christmas present of any one in the State. It was a deed for a house and lot in that city, worth \$100,000. Three lumbermen quarrelled about a rural lot at Jewettville on Christmas, and next day settled the trouble by a pistol fight in which a man named Atwell was seriously wounded. Plainfield Independent: George Mason bought recently of McMaster Bryant, of Cooper, a couple of Jersey Red hogs, one and two years old, that together weighed 1,110 lbs. on foot. Gov. Bagley has issued thirty pardons during the past year. Gov. Jerome granted 25 pardons in 1883. Gov. Bagley averaged 28 1/2 pardons and one in his four years' administration, and Gov. Crosswell 27. Mr. Penniman, President of the First National Bank at Plymouth, gave away \$200 to the children who called to wish him a Merry Christmas. This has been his custom for several years. An item in the Monroe Commercial intimates that somebody who sells butter in that market is given to "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," and sells an adulterated article to grocers. A young man of Grand Rapids, according to the Eagle, has brought suit against a firm of wagon manufacturers in that city for the loss of a hand saw in their empty years ago. He wants \$25,000. Dennis Sharkey, of East Saginaw, employed by the F. & P. M. road, lost an arm Christmas night, making it a sad celebration for him. He was caught between the bumpers of a train while helping "a load" of lumber. At Saranac, on the night of the 26th, burglars robbed Burbank's jewelry store, and then set fire to the building. The flames spread, and six stores were destroyed. Loss is roughly estimated at \$30,000, with very little insurance. At Mattawan, Van Buren County, on Christmas night, during a party at one of the hotels the floor of the dancing room gave way, precipitating about 40 persons into the room below. Several persons were badly hurt, but no lives were lost. Utica Sentinel: A bear was found in an unoccupied building, four miles from Utica last week. He was captured alive and taken to Detroit, and now every one is puzzled to know what his bearishness business in Macomb County has been.

Ionia Standard: The Ionia County Horticultural Society elected Hon. A. J. Webster, Wm. Scribner and Col. J. H. Kidd officers of the society at the last annual meeting. It was also decided to hold another strawberry and rose festival in June.

At Newaygo, on the night of the 27th, three prisoners confined in the county jail on a charge of horse stealing, escaped by digging through a stone wall two feet thick, but were recaptured within two hours afterward by a posse of citizens.

Pontiac Gazette: One of the most prolific and profitable farm investments we have heard of lately, is told of a sow three years old, owned by Gray Gibbs, of Troy. This sow has produced 30 pigs, and raised 37 of them that netted the owner the snug sum of \$618.

Ypsilanti Commercial: At a depth of 370 feet the borers of the new mineral well struck illuminating gas in a thick vein of coal. Bright visions of a cheap supply of gas dazzled the owners of the well for one brief day, then the flow ceased, and the boring was resumed.

A man near Ludington brings to that city about three hundred dollars worth of charcoal every

WHERE DISEASE IS GENERATED.

VERONEN, Kent Co., Dec. 25, 1883.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

In wandering about for information I once came to a stock barn and found the dairy cows stabled in it wet with sweat, the odor of the stable very offensive; and a pile of turnips (in the alley) were unfrozen, while my thermometer (at home) indicated 23 deg. of frost. Here is a place where pleuro-pneumonia is being engendered. This crowding of cattle in unventilated stables is the beginning of the everlasting and never-ending development of incurable diseases. Such foul places are unworthy of the name of stable, excepting in one sense. However, the turnip is a vegetable medicine when not impregnated with poisonous gas. In short, here was a herd of cattle inhaling a contaminated atmosphere, eating poisonous food, and stanchioned in a loathsome prison three-quarters of the year. This case is not overdrawn; and I venture to say that worse cases may be found in the suburbs of Detroit, and more especially in the suburbs of eastern cities where pleuro-pneumonia has developed. Intense farming together with intense feeding unnatural imprisonment of domestic animals, are doing irreparable injury; and we representatives in State Legislatures or in Congress may enact arbitrary laws to stamp out a disease, while the petitioner for such a law is violating the fundamental principles of health, thus rendering it of no avail. Practical knowledge of the laws of health and disease is much needed.

J. L. B. KEIR.

AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATIONS.

BY PROF. FAHYER.

In 1851, the first experimental station proper was organized in Germany. This was the beginning of a new era in agriculture. The relations of chemistry to progress in agriculture became evident and the greater portion of the work of the stations has been under control of chemists. The great importance of these stations has been so evident that in the short period of thirty-two years there have been established no less than eighty-five of these agricultural experimental stations in Germany alone. Nor have other European countries failed to appreciate the advantages to be derived from thoughtful, painstaking experimentation. There are now about fifty of these stations in Europe outside of Germany. They are under the control of the government, and depend principally upon the government for support. Besides these experimental stations proper, there have been made extensive and valuable contributions to our scientific knowledge of the operations of agriculture.

As indicating the character of the work undertaken at the stations, the following enumeration of lines of inquiry pursued by them is given: 1st. An examination of the quality of seeds and the control of their sale. 2nd. The analysis of commercial fertilizers offered for sale. 3rd. Experiments in feeding, and with dairy products. 4. Investigations of soils. 5. Experiments with various fertilizers. 6. The cultivation and improvement of the various crops of the field, the orchard and the garden. These indicate the general scope of the investigations; but the subdivisions under these heads extend into almost every feature of agriculture. Important as has been this work, and notwithstanding the favor with which it is viewed by European governments, our national and state governments have been slow to engage in it. It would seem that enlightened statesmanship would early have recognized the importance of improvements in agriculture to a people so dependent upon it for their welfare. But other interests have engaged attention; and it is just now that serious consideration is given this matter of agricultural experiments. In our country, as in Europe, private enterprise inaugurated the work; but since the returns to the experimenter cannot by any means be directly in the shape of dollars and cents, it is obvious that, except in the case of very wealthy men who prefer to thus benefit their fellow men without expecting or receiving any return, the work must be limited indeed. Six of our States have recently organized experimental stations.

The first station was equipped by the State of Connecticut. It however, received private aid. In 1876, work began by the State. It was then located at Middletown, but within two years it was removed to New Haven, since which time it has been under the efficient management of Prof. S. W. Johnson. Stations have since been organized in the following States in the years named: North Carolina, 1877; New Jersey, 1880; New York, 1882; Ohio, 1882, Massachusetts, 1883.

The New York Station is located at Geneva. Besides providing a suitable farm and buildings, the Legislature appropriated forty thousand dollars for its maintenance during the two years soon to close. Dr. E. L. Sturtevant was appointed director. He brings to the work an unusual ability and energy. He is no novice, having for several years, at his own expense, investigated the composition of lysimeter water, the relation of drainage to rainfall, and other kindred subjects. The Legislature of New York has provided most liberally for this station, and we may expect corresponding results; but, of course, it is yet too soon for the greater portion of the work already undertaken to yield the harvest. The same may be said of the other stations. The Ohio station is under the management of Prof. W. R. Lazenby. It is located at the Ohio State University, Columbus. We shall expect work of the greatest practical value to the agriculturists of the State if the station continues to receive the proper aid and encouragement.

It will be seen that all these stations are yet in their infancy. Other States will organize them soon; and we may expect them to multiply, not perhaps so rapidly as in Germany, but until there is a station in every agricultural State. There are many things in agriculture not un-

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Poetry.

THE LEGEND OF THE STORKS AND THE BABIES.

Have you heard of the valley of Babyland,
The realm where the dear little darlings stay,
Till the kind storks go, as all men know,
And oh, so tenderly bring them away?
The paths are winding and past all finding
By all save the storks, who understand
The gates, and the highways, and the intricate
Byways.

That lead to Babyland.
All over the valley of Babyland,
Sweet flowers bloom in the soft green moss,
And under the blooms fair, and under the leaves
there,

Like little heads like spoons of foam,
With a soothing number the river of Slumber
Flows o'er a bed of silver sand,
And angels are keeping watch o'er the sleeping
Babies of Babyland.

The path to the valley of Babyland,
Only the kindly white storks know.
If they fly over mountains or wade through foun-
tains,

No man sees them come or go,
But an angel, maybe, who guards some baby,
Or a fairy, perhaps, with her magic wand,
Brings them straightway to the wonderful gateway
That leads to Babyland.

And there in the valley of Babyland,
Under the mosses and leaves and ferns,
Like an unfledged starling they find the darling,
For whom the heart of a mother yearns.
And they lift him lightly and tuck him tightly
In feathers as soft as a lady's hand,
And off with a rock-a-way step they walk away
Out of Babyland.

As they go from the valley of Babyland,
North into the world of great unrest,
Sometimes weeping he wakes from sleeping
Before he reaches his mother's breast.
Ah, how she blesses him, how she caresses him—
Bonniest bird in the bright home land,
That o'er land and water the kind stork bore him
From far off Babyland—
—Ella Wheeler, in Good Cheer.

LIFE LILIES.

I wandered down life's garden,
In the flush of a golden day,
The flowers and thorns grew thickly
In the spot where I chanced to stray.
I went to choose me a flower
For life, for weal or for woe;
On, on I went, till I stayed me
By the spot where the lilies grow.

Yes, I will carry a lily,
I said in my manhood's pride,
"A bloodless, thornless lily
Shall be my flower!" I cried.
I stretched my hands out quickly
To where the pale blossoms grew,
Was it the air that shivered?
Was it a wind that blew?

Was it my hands that scorched them?
As I touched the blossoms fair,
They broke and scattered their petals
On the sunny noontide air.

Then I saw a great, bright angel
With opal colored wings,
Where the light flashed in the feathers
In golden glimmering.

He said, "Thou hast sinned and suffered;
Lilies are not for thee,
They are all for the little children,
Emblems of purity."

"Shall I never carry a lily?
Never!" I bitterly cried.
With his great eyes full of pity,
The heavenly one replied:

"When the heat of the day is over,
When the goal is won," he said,
"Ah, then I lay God's lilies
In the hands of the stainless dead!"
—All the Year Round.

Miscellaneous.

THE WIDOW OF POJUAQUE.

Bouquet's Rancho was about all that there was of Pojuaque; and if the opinion of the men in our camp—from the chief right along to the axemen—was worth anything, the pretty widow was about all that there was of Bouquet's Rancho. The widow, sir, was a daisy, a regular daisy! As trim a little body, with as wicked a pair of brown eyes as you'd find anywhere in the Rio Grande Valley between Santa Fe and Antonio.

We all took an especial interest in her, because she was peculiarly our widow; for, under Providence, we had been the means of making a widow of her. It happened when the line was somewhere above Chantia, and when the lamented Pedro—a single-barreled sort of a Mexican Pedro—was working at track-laying. Somehow or another he managed to get himself run over by the construction train, poor beggar, and that was the end of him. Nobody thought that the widow would mind it much, for it was a known fact that the last time Pedro had been down at Pojuaque they had had a rustling time of it, and she had come mighty close to finishing him with his own knife; indeed, he hadn't dared to show himself at home since. But that widow did take on dreadfully. Bouquet—she was Bouquet's sister-in-law—brought her up to camp the next day, and they borrowed Carrigan's Studebaker wagon and took Pedro home in state and gave him a funeral that was a satisfaction to everybody—with the Padre from Santa Cruz over to say mass and a big feed afterward. And the widow was simply heart-broken.

Then, the next thing we heard was that she had put in a claim on the company for \$5,000 damages. Now, this was simply preposterous. Five thousand dollars would have been a fancy price to pay for killing all the Mexicans in the territory. Under ordinary circumstances they stood at about \$50 a head, and their relatives always seemed to be uncommonly well satisfied with this figure. And yet, when the company's solicitor came down to settle—and pretty mad about it, too—that widow actually worked her brown eyes and her affliction on him at such a rate that he ended by allowing her half her claim.

That was a good day's work for the widow, for it made her the richest woman in the Upper Rio Grande valley. As soon as she got the money, down she went to Santa Fe and bought an outfit that was the admiration and the envy of the other women in a circuit of a hundred miles. Why she had a black silk dress and a bonnet with feathers in it! The station master's wife at El Embudo was reported to have a black silk dress at her home in the States, and the wife of the superintendent of the coke ovens at El Morro real-

ly had one that she had worn publicly at a ball; but with these exceptions the only other women in the territory credited with such magnificence were the wives of the officers at Santa Fe. When the widow, two or three weeks after Pedro's taking off and handsome burial, turned out in her black silk for the fiesta at San Juan, she fairly topped the whole outfit. There were half a dozen fights about her that day. One man got so badly cut up that he never was worth anything afterward, and the widow was so pleased that she was simply radiant. No wonder, then, since they had brought her such good luck, that she held all railroad men in high favor; no wonder that we of the engineers' camp looked upon her as peculiarly our widow, over whom we had an especial charge.

It was toward the end of the year when we broke camp at Espanola and made Pojuaque our headquarters. Pojuaque, by the way, when you give the Spanish sound to the letters, isn't nearly so desperate a name as it looks like. To hear the widow say it in that low, sweet voice of hers, simply was a joy forever. The town, only it isn't a town, but just half a dozen or so brown adobe houses nestled in among the greenery of cottonwood and apricot trees, lies on the old wagon trail leading southward from Taos, through El Embudo to Santa Fe. Coming down upon it from the gray barrenness of the surrounding sand hills makes you feel as though you had struck in upon the Garden of Eden, and Bouquet, with his Budweiser beer and Albuquerque wine, isn't a bit a bad specimen of hospitable Adam. Guarded by a high adobe wall, he has a wonderful garden that is the joy of his heart, and in the garden are two apricot trees whose trunks have grown together three or four feet from the ground and then have separated again. If you will but admire his garden, and be sufficiently astonished by his queer tree, and talk French with him, there is nothing that Bouquet will not do to make it pleasant for you. Naturally, with the cool, pretty garden to rest in, and the things to drink, and the widow to chaff with, Bouquet had no reason to complain of loneliness so long as Pojuaque was our camp.

The only drawback upon the pleasure of those visits, was the pretty nearly constant presence of a humpy old Don Jose, whose only obvious object in life was to make a nuisance of himself. He had a big ranch up in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, somewhere near Abiqui, but he was a great pal of old Bouquet's, and spent most of his time at Pojuaque. We wouldn't have minded this, of course, but what we did mind was his persistent and odious habit of making solemn love to the widow. We all knew that the widow couldn't abide him, but she was too civil to say so; and so, when some of us were over there whom she really did like, we hadn't a chance to say half a dozen words to her, and we knew that she was being made a martyr of. There wasn't a man in the camp who wouldn't have felt a heap better for punching Don Jose's head for him, but the old bore was so dreadfully polite always, that there really never was a good excuse for doing it.

A good times we all told the widow how sorry we were for her, and she smiled so as to show how red her lips and how white her teeth were, and "Gracias!" in that sweet voice of hers, and looked out of her lovely brown eyes in a tender way that made each of us feel that she really did know where to turn for consolation, and would be glad to turn there if she only could get the chance. Of course, these tenders of sympathy were not made exactly publicly, and so it was not until we came to compare notes afterward that we knew what very ample opportunities that widow had had for being consoled, and all we were in dead earnest about it, too. It is a solemn fact there wasn't a man in our camp—except the Chief, who had a wife up in Denver—who wouldn't have married the widow right out of hand. This may seem rather absurd, but just you wait until you have been out in camp for near a year without laying eyes on a good-looking woman, as we had been, and then you will be in a better position to know what is absurdity and what isn't.

Speaking simply for myself, I may say that I was smitten on the widow badly, and, at last, by watching my chance, I was able to tell her so. Spanish is a good language for love-making when you know enough of it. I didn't know much—all of us had picked up bits of it, of course—but I went ahead and did the best I could with what I had. I remember that, in trying to say something nice about her pretty little face, I called her a wild carrot, and that I asked her for a beast when I wanted leave to kiss her—but she took it all in good part, and we got along famously. And the upshot of our interview was that she told me that she would love me always and would run away with me whenever I was ready to take her. But she wouldn't let me kiss her. She laughed and said that I should have my "beast" another day.

To fix a time for running off with her wasn't as easy as it looked. We couldn't get away in the daytime, for a lot of people always were about the ranch, and that brute of a Don Jose was a regular dragon. And at night the house was locked up tight and a brace of big dogs were turned loose in the garden. These dogs had pretty much eaten up a Mexican who got over the wall one night after old Bouquet's apricots, and I had no fancy for being chewed to death even for love of the pretty widow.

Obviously, what I had to do was to arrange a diversion that would enable me to get her away from the ranch by night without having either Bouquet or his dogs after me—and presently it struck me that a first-rate way to do this would be to get up a baile. I do believe that a Mexican would get up out of his grave to come to a baile, and once fairly started at dancing, it is a dead sure thing that nobody will dream of stopping until broad daylight the next morning. With the baile in full blast, I would have lots of time to get to the widow across the sandhills to Santa Fe; get comfortable married to her, and get away for the north on the morning train. And I couldn't ask for a better excuse for the fiesta than the noche buena—Christmas Eve—now only three days off. I spoke to the widow about it, and she was so tickled with my plan that she nearly

died laughing over it. I should have preferred that she should have taken a more sentimental view of the situation, but sentiment didn't appear to be the widow's strongest hold. Anyhow, she said it was all right, and after awhile she did stop laughing and said, very seriously, that if the Good God so willed, the noche buena would indeed see her a wife.

At first when I suggested the baile, the boys did not take very kindly to it; but the next day I was a little surprised, and a good deal pleased, to find that they were all just as eager for it as I was. All that is except the Chief—but, then, the Chief always was a rather slow-going sort of an old duffer. The rest of us chipped in with a will and got things ready. We hired a big room in one of the houses, and bought a lot of candles and beer from Bouquet, and sent Sam, our cook, skimming over the country after the orchestra, and Sam had no end of a hunt before he found him at last at San Ydefonso.

In the meantime, I made my own private arrangements. By good luck I had five minutes' talk with the widow and settled that she should not come to the ball at all, but should meet me—having left the house as though to come to the ball—under the big cottonwood, near to Bouquet's, at 9 o'clock, and that we then should start at once on horseback for Santa Fe. Then there came a hitch in my programme, for I couldn't get another horse. There was something very queer about this. One afternoon, I asked every man of the corps to lend me his horse for that night, pretending that mine was sick, and every man said he couldn't; the Chief said that he had lent his already to Gage, our rodeo man. Then I tried to hire a horse from Bouquet, and after him from the three or four Mexicans about the place, and found that in every case one of our boys had been ahead of me. I couldn't understand it, and I was pretty mad about it. The widow wouldn't think much of me if I took her off, Mexican fashion, perched in front of me with her legs twisted about the pommel of my saddle. But, as there wasn't a horse to be had for love or money that was just what I had to come to.

And then Christmas Eve came, and we got the ball started. Of course I didn't take much interest in it, for my mind was too full of the adventure before me. I didn't understand, though, why the rest of the boys seemed to care for it so little. They stood around by the door and wouldn't dance, and each of them seemed to have as much on his mind as I had—all except the Chief, who sailed up to the prettiest girl in the room and danced away with her like anything. But the Mexicans went at the dancing with a will, and what with the smoke of their corn-husk cigars and the dust that they kicked out of the clay floor and the smell from the tall candles, the atmosphere of the ball room was such, in an hour's time, that you could have cut it in slices with a knife.

For the life of me I couldn't keep from wondering if the dogs were tied up, and if old Bouquet mightn't happen to leave the ball at about the time I did, and if Don Jose mightn't come around with that infernal ugly knife of his just as the widow and I were getting under way, and I couldn't help thinking, too, that right at the very last minute the widow might take it into her head to fly the track. Indeed, for all the fun of it, that was about the most melancholy and uncomfortable evening that I think I ever spent anywhere.

And, somehow or another, the rest of the boys seemed to find it pretty stupid, too. They just hung around the door in the same wretched way that I did, and they didn't seem to take a bit of interest in anything that was going on. It is a solemn fact, that for men who had professed such eagerness to get up a baile, I never saw a lot who seemed to get so utterly sick of it so soon as our men did that night. But how they felt about it was no affair of mine, and didn't bother me much, for I was just wild to get the widow in tow and start.

I stuck it out, though, until a little before 9 o'clock, and I slid quietly away from where I was standing by the door and went for my horse. Some of the boys, I had noticed, had left earlier, and Gage and Carver came away when I did. They said they were sleepy and guessed they'd go back to camp.

I was down at the big cottonwood in no time. But the widow wasn't there. I hadn't been there a minute, though, before I heard the sound of horses' feet and then Gage rode up, leading the Chief's horse. He seemed a good deal surprised to see me, and I was a good deal bothered when I saw him,

"Going to camp, eh?" I asked. "Well, good-night."

"Well, not right off. But don't wait for me. Good night," he answered.

"Oh, I'm in no hurry. I like to sit out here and look at the stars. Go ahead, old man. Good night."

"The stars are nice to-night, and that's a fact," said Gage. "I'll have a look at them myself. I think that they show better from over there on the other side of the acequia, though. Suppose you ride over and see. I'll follow you. Good night."

"No, I think they look better through the branches of the tree, and I guess I'll stay here. Don't let me keep you, though. Good night."

I was on pins and needles, for I heard some one coming. But Gage wouldn't budge. While he was bidding me good night again Carver rode up, leading Bouquet's little mare—the very animal that I had tried vainly to hire myself.

"Don't you fellows wait for me," said Carver. "My stirrups are wrong and I must fix them"—and he got off his horse and began fooling with his stirrup straps. I heard Gage swearing away under his breath like a trooper.

Then there was another clatter of horses' feet, and from opposite directions Rand and Wilson rode in, each leading a Mexican pony.

"Hello!" said Rand. "Hain't you fellows better get back to the ball? I'm not feeling very well, and I want to sit out here in the cool for a while, and get that vile smoke and dust out of my lungs. Go ahead, I'll join you presently."

And I'll be shot if right after Rand and Wilson didn't come up the axemen, by

Jove, leading the other two ponies I hadn't been able to hire from the Mexicans. Excepting the Chief and black Sam, right under that cottonwood was our whole engineer outfit.

Gage and I, at least, rapidly were coming to the conclusion that somewhere something dreadfully crooked had broken loose.

"Now what the deuce does all this mean?" demanded Gage, sternly.

And Bouquet's jolly laugh, together with the more solemn laugh of the Chief, rang out upon the still night air, and from somewhere off in the darkness Bouquet's jolly voice answered:

"It does mean that you are one big lot of damn fools together. My sister-in-law did go to-day to Santa Fe, and, by this time, is very much the wife of my good friend, Don Jose. She does send her compliments to each of you gentlemen, and she says that she will be most happy to run away with all of you once more—some other time!" And again through the night sounded the disgusting laughter of the Chief and of that brute Bouquet.

At Pojuaque that Christmas morning a pretty sheepish lot of men sat down to breakfast in our camp.—T. A. Vanier.

Culinary Romance.

Lord Lytton and Lord Beaconsfield have carefully developed the culinary element in their writings. Perhaps the novel reader has observed the strong gastronomic element that is to be found in Lord Beaconsfield's stories. How he apostrophizes soup, fish, and game: "The warm and sunny flavor of brown soup, the mild and moonlight deliciousness of white. Ye soups, o'er whose creation I have watched like mothers o'er their sleeping child." The whiting is "the chicken of the ocean." So of the ortolan: "Sweet bird, all paradise opens! Let me die, eating ortolans to the sound of soft music." "Sherry has a pedigree as long as an Arab's; a bouquet like the breath of woman. A lobster has all the arts of a coquette." So far my Lord Beaconsfield in the days of Lady Blessington, and when he might meet Louis Napoleon at petite soupers. He laid down that immortal principle which Mr. Bright quoted in the House of Commons—that the great secret of good dinners is to have hot plates. Disraeli had some curious remarks on the dinners of celebrated people. "A dinner of wits is proverbially a palace of silence; and the envy and hatred which all literary men really feel for each other, especially when they are exchanging dedications of mutual affection always insure in such assemblies the agreeable presence of a general feeling of painful constraint. If a good thing occurs to a guest he will not express it, lest his neighbor, who is publishing a novel in numbers, shall appropriate it next month, or he himself, who has the same responsibility of production, be deprived of its legitimate appearance." The personal interest of this passage is that it is somewhat descriptive of Disraeli himself. For the most part he was a very quiet and observant diner-out, who, as a rule, talked very little, but when he did, talked a great deal. Sydney Smith always made a point of making a good meal before he brought out any of his good sayings. One of those who used to meet Disraeli says "that his mouth was alive with a kind of working and impatient nervousness; and then he would burst forth into a perfectly successful cataract of expression with a curl of triumphant scorn worthy of Mephistopheles." In his ripper days the great Earl eliminated the Mephistopheles expression, which would scarcely conduce to sociability, and was known as the most delightful of diner-outs. It is curious that, so far from complaining of silence, Sir Archibald Alison, in his "Autobiography," complains of the restraint caused by the incessant conflict of the wits and their efforts to cut one another out.—London Society.

The General of the Russian Army.
General Gourko, it is true, is not Skobelev. Skobelevs are born sometimes but once in a century. It is not given to the rigid disciplinarian, modest, retiring, reserved, who new governs Russian Poland, to excite the intense enthusiasm, the half idolatrous worship, with which Skobelev was sometimes regarded. But, as a soldier, his record is not less brilliant than that of the dead hero of the Russian army, and at the close of the great campaign in the Balkans a great English statesman expressed the opinion that the laurels of the war rested with General Gourko. He was then compared to General Sheridan in the American civil war, but in manner he is more like the taciturn Grant. Silent, reserved, and modest General Gourko never made friends like Skobelev, who conquered hearts like fortress, by storm. During the triumphal advance across the Balkans up to the walls of Constantinople—as, in fact, throughout the whole of the war—General Gourko fought ever in the van, nor is his name associated with a single defeat. After the war he disappeared from the public gaze. When the crimes of the nihilists led the late Emperor to place St. Petersburg under the iron grasp of a military commander, he turned to General Gourko, whose unflinching will, inflexible severity and brilliant achievements in combating a foreign foe marked him out for the post.

A Russian and Greek orthodox, though his parents had Polish and Roman connections, he has since had to maintain the Western bulwark of the empire against all comers. The very wisdom of our neighbors, their readiness for all sorts of unforeseen and improbable emergencies, compel him to be as wise, as prudent, as ready as they are. Every power is capable of assuming a threatening character under certain circumstances. La Rochefoucauld's maxim to treat your best friend as your "future enemy" is horrible in private life, but is useful in politics, and General Gourko is always ready to observe it.—London Times.

Better Than \$10,000.

"I spent over \$10,000 in 23 years," said Major W. H. Hines, of Boston, Mass., "in being doctored for epilepsy. I employed the best physicians in New Orleans, St. Louis, New York, Boston, London and Paris, but all to no purpose. Samaritan Nervine has cured me entirely." \$150.

HOW HUNGRY JOE GOT LEFT.

On the 7th of August, according to the New York Times, a man arrayed in store clothes, a slouch hat and blue spectacles, registered at a fashionable hotel on Broadway as B. Ashley, of Abilene, Kan. The stranger had just come in by the Western Express from Chicago on the Erie Road. His garments were the product of a ready-made clothing store in Abilene, and they added slightly to his general bucolic appearance. His hands and face were tanned, he walked with the parenthetical gait of one whose legs had been curved by years spent in the saddle, and his bearing was in other respects indicative of the wild Western borderman. Mr. Ashley speedily developed other tendencies of the prairie type. He insisted upon going out for exercise on horseback every morning shortly after daybreak, and upon these occasions he employed his own rawhide bridle and his well-worn Mexican saddle, which had formed a part of his luggage. His accent was a peculiar blending of English and Western types of speech. He had weak eyes and was in consultation with a prominent physician here, while stopping for a month in New York on his way to Europe to put himself under the care of the most eminent oculists abroad. Mr. Ashley seemed to have very little occupation beyond horseback riding at unearthly hours of the morning, visiting the man of medicine in the afternoon, and lounging about the immense and richly gilded rotunda of the hotel in the evening. He was bountifully supplied with cash, and he expended it with considerable liberality. He smoked a good deal, but drank little, because his doctor had objected to one habit and absolutely forbidden the other, by reason of its effect on the patient's eyes. Many persons about the hotel drank at the expense of Mr. Ashley, but he seldom indulged himself in more cheering beverages than lemonade and iced tea.

One day Mr. Ashley strolled through the lobby of the hotel in the company of a young man whose face is well known to the regular promenaders of Broadway. This young man is always faultlessly dressed and clean shaven. He has prominent features and peculiarly thin and compressed lips. He lives handsomely and always has plenty of cash. With his new-found companion, Mr. Ashley, the weak-eyed child of the guileless West, occupied a seat in the bar-room for some little time. Upon this occasion Mr. Ashley departed from his usual custom sufficiently enough to assist in the liberal absorption of champagne. When his Broadway friend went away, Mr. Ashley sauntered again through the office of the hotel. He was beckoned by one of the clerks.

"Mr. Ashley, how long since you have been in New York?" queried the gentleman behind the diamond stud.

"Near eight years," responded that unfashionable gentleman. "Never was here before, and never since."

"Do you know the person who just left you?"

"Yes. Met him two nights ago at the Madison Square. I couldn't buy a seat, and he offered me one of his. Said his friend hadn't come and he would be glad to accommodate a stranger; so we sat together. Seems to be a nice sort of a chap."

"I have no doubt of that," continued the clerk, with a slight air of superior knowledge; not unblended with sarcasm. "That young man is Hungry Joe, one of the most celebrated confidence operators in America."

"You don't say," drawled the Western man slowly, and with some astonishment. "Well, I'm darned."

He went thoughtfully away. That night the young man with the thin lips and the handsome clothes called for Mr. Ashley after dinner. As they came through the office the accidental innocent took out a large pocket book filled to repletion with money, drew from its inner recesses about \$500, and deposited the wallet, with the balance of its contents, in the hotel safe. His companion viewed this proceeding with a passive face but a gleaming eye, and the two went out together. Mr. Ashley returned to the hotel just in time to take his morning ride on horseback. He slept until four in the afternoon. Then he drew \$100 from his wallet and left.

"You are fully warned," observed the clerk, as he handed over the amount, "and it is your own fault if you lose any money by Hungry Joe."

"Correct," responded Mr. Ashley, stuffing the bill into his pocket.

His next appearance in the hotel was a little after midnight, and this time he put \$300 away in the wallet, with the declaration that the New York sharps might be pretty stiff on bunco, but they were a little behind the times on drawpoker. "In my country," he explained, "two dences and a bowie will open a jack-pot every time."

Mr. Ashley spent several days in quiet seclusion. A full week went by before he drifted out again with his companion of the compressed lips. The next day after he drew a round \$1,000 from the safe, and seemed annoyed when the clerk smiled and knowing smile. "No game ever fazed me," said Mr. Ashley, in a dogged way, "and a man who can hold up his end with cow boys isn't going to be bested by any broadcloth brigade that was ever hatched." There was a full of eight or ten days in the proceedings, and then Mr. Ashley drew another \$1,000. A couple of days later he drew \$350 more. That afternoon he went out with his gentlemanly companion. His face had been suffused with sadness all the morning, but it was noticed that he seemed somewhat brighter on his return from the drive. That evening Hungry Joe and two of his well known Broadway companions spent several hours in earnest conversation with Mr. Ashley. That gentleman's weak eyes made it necessary for him to wear his broad hat well down over his forehead. When the three young men went away the merest shadow of a smile played about the mouth of the Western man. From the table at which they had sat the three young fellows went straight

to the telegraph office, where they sent the following despatch:

Postmaster, Abilene, Kan.: Do you know Benjamin Ashley, cattle raiser? Telegraph full particulars, my expense.

R. DICKSON,
Brover House, New York.

The reply was evidently in all respects satisfactory, and within two days Mr. Ashley received in his rooms at the hotel a visit from the three confidence operators and a lawyer, who is more or less celebrated in this city. The head porter of the hotel was called up into the room after the visitors had been there an hour or longer, and was requested to append his signature to a certain document in the capacity of a witness to the signing thereof. This done, and the papers signed by Mr. Ashley, a large sum of money was paid over by the gentleman with the thin lips, and the porter retired with a five-dollar bill out of the pile. The visitors shortly withdrew from the hotel, and Mr. Ashley deposited that night the sum of \$14,000 cold cash in the office of the hotel. Two days afterward he took passage on a Guion steamer for Liverpool, having explained to the hotel clerk that he had sold a half-interest in his Kansas cattle ranch to his friends, and that Hungry Joe, as he was called, had expressed a wish to retire from city life. Mr. Ashley was "seen off" by his enthusiastic New York acquaintances after the most approved style of the art. They toasted him royally in "yellow label," presented him with a big basket of flowers with the work "Parvelli" in large blue letters across the centre, and otherwise marked his departure with evidences of tender regard.

Mr. Ashley had been gone from the fashionable Broadway hotel precisely 11 days, when a tall man came in from a carriage that was loaded with trunks and steamer chairs and other appliances of ocean travel. He signed himself on the register, "Benjamin Ashley, London." The clerk looked up hurriedly as if to apologize for not recognizing his guest, then looked surprised, muttered a hasty word or two, and assigned the stranger a room, all in a confused and preoccupied way. This was apparently another Benjamin Ashley. He was tall and slender, and well dressed, and pale. But he spoke with a slightly Americanized English accent, not unlike that of the other Benjamin Ashley. The clerk was pretty well puzzled, and that night he took good care to have the stranger's full name and address inserted in the list of arrivals published daily in a periodical devoted to that purpose and carefully read by the confidence fraternity. The clerk went on duty early the next day, and as he had fully expected, one of the first callers was the thin-lipped young man, who asked to have his name sent up to Mr. Ashley's room. Word came back that Mr. Ashley would see the gentleman in the drawing room, and thither the clerk followed after a moment. Hungry Joe was sitting in a large arm chair when the tall man from London came into the apartment. The New Yorker merely bestowed a passing glance on Mr. Ashley and looked away. The Englishman, however, seeing no one else excepting the clerk, advanced courteously and said:

"Did you wish me? I am Mr. Ashley."

"Eh?" queried Hungry Joe, with a startled look. "You're not Mr. Benjamin Ashley?"

"Precisely."

"Not of Kansas?"

"Yes, of Abilene, Kansas. How can I serve you?"

The thin lips of the confidence man were rather white by this time, and they were more firmly compressed than ever. He regarded the tall Englishman in a dazed fashion for a few moments. Then he asked:

"Do you own a large cattle ranch 35 miles south of Abilene?"

"I believe I do. Why do you ask?"

"Been to Europe to have your eyes doctored?"

"Yes I have now been abroad four months. But my young friend, these questions are odd. Please explain yourself."

"Odd!" echoed the Broadway man. "Well, I should think they were. If you are Benjamin Ashley, and you own that ranch, the cleverest man in the country has given me a deal, that's all. Why, it ain't two weeks ago that me and two friends bought a half interest in that ranch, and by George! the man that sold us stopped in this same hotel."

Mr. Ashley seemed rather astonished by this information, and beckoned the clerk, who had been listening to their conversation quite intently. That individual gave a careful description of the previous Mr. Ashley, and the New York sharper told how he had won some \$3,350 from the man, who was on his way to Europe for the benefit of his eyes. He had represented himself as the owner of the Ashley ranch, and at his request the speaker had telegraphed the Abilene Postmaster, who had replied, giving details as to property, which is valued at about \$50,000, and had added that Mr. Ashley himself had gone abroad for medical treatment. The man had represented that he wanted to make certain expenditures in Europe that his card losses would prevent unless he could dispose of an interest in his ranch. He produced deeds to establish his ownership, and they seemed satisfactory even to the lawyers. Thinking he had a chance to get \$35,000 worth of material for \$14,000, victim had taken two friends in with him, and by clubbing together they had raised the necessary amount.

"Really," observed the Englishman when the recital was finished, "I am very sorry for you, but you have unquestionably been swindled. For my part I shall not have the slightest difficulty in establishing my identity. As to your friend, the bogus Mr. Ashley, he is probably one of my cowboys, Henry Barnes by name. The description certainly fits that person. He came to the ranch—let me see—about 14 months ago, and asked for a place. Now I remember he wasn't much like the other boys, but I needed more help, and I took him on. He may have been in hiding for some crime, for all I know. But on the plains we can scarcely go into such matters. He did his work all right and seemed rather more refined than his companions, though he tried to conceal it. I

heard once or twice from my men that he played a very cold hand at poker."

"He does," said Hungry Joe, mournfully.

"He was an expert penman, now I come to think of it, and he did some work of that sort for me. He was still there when I came away."

"And that's the cuss who got off to Europe with my money, hang him," burst in the defrauded confidence operator angrily. "What's worse, he went away full of my champagne, and smelling of my basket of flowers. That man's a d—d swindler, that's what he is."

A Cattle Stampede.

A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph gives the following graphic description of a stampede of cattle on the plains:

"Once traveled with a drive a few days while passing through the Yellowstone country. At night men were told off to night-herd—about half the outfit generally—and they slept while the other half herded the next night. One night we camped on a small stream tributary to the Yellowstone. It was a beautiful starlit night, and when we rolled into our blankets we remarked how still the herd was, for we could see the black mass at a little distance from our camp-fire all lying down and the night herders riding slowly around them. We turned in and had been asleep but a short time when we were awakened by a terrible noise impossible to describe. You can judge. The herd of five thousand had stampeded, and each one was bellowing as they rushed madly away. 'A stampede!' yelled the boss. 'Saddle, boys, quick!' Picket ropes were cut and saddles thrown on the horses in an instant almost, and away we rode hard after the cloud of dust, which we could see far down the valley. In about half an hour we were up with the tail end of the herd, and the boss ordered us all to ride on to the leaders and gradually turn them to the left. I followed and saw the immense herd of maddened brutes turn from the shouts and yelps of the cowboys, and still turn hour after hour until the leaders were turned all the way round to the tail end, forming a complete circle, and joining, continued their mad gallop. An hour's time passed and with lolling tongues they still tore on, and the cowboys sat on their horses in an outer circle surrounding them. They had stopped bellowing and no sound could be heard except the thunder of their tramping and labored breathing. It was a weird, as well as curious sight to see that huge mass moving in a circle and the silent and motionless horsemen guarding them. It is what in stock lingo is called a 'mill.' As we sat there watching they stopped, not slowly, but abruptly, as if at a word of command, and in ten minutes they were all lying down again. I looked over the ground in the morning and saw the great show ring which they had made, and counted the dead which had been trampled to death; I think about eighty head.

"We found that we were about twenty miles from our camp, which was anything but satisfactory, but it came along about ten o'clock. I think no one but a trained cowboy could have saved that herd that night. The night herders said that they started suddenly as they stopped, and without any apparent cause."

Non-Progressive Mexico.

The country along the line of the Mexican Central railroad in the United States would be called a wilderness. For 130 miles it does not run through a field or a cultivated spot, notwithstanding it is a magnificent country—I mean so far as the fertility of the land is concerned. It only needs American enterprise and industry to make it the most productive country on earth, but without foreign energy it will remain as it is until the end of time. The Mexicans have advanced less in the arts and sciences than any other nation. They use a plow of the same pattern that old father Abraham used, and the worst of it is, they do not want a better, neither would they use it if they had it. Their general want of progressive ideas and stupidity is a great drawback to the railroad enterprises of the country. It is the only labor that can be had, so we have to make the best of it. It looks very ridiculous to see them packing on their backs wheelbarrows filled with dirt, or to see them thrown aside, and the men carrying dirt in their aprons. They have no more idea how to use a shovel or spade than a hog has. They will, in the most awkward manner imaginable, get a handful of dirt on the shovel and walk a step or two to the place they wished to put it and hold the shovel with one hand while they rake off the dirt with the other. Neither are

GRANDMA.

It is many years ago
Since she led
On a tiny, tapered toe,
With a tread
Like a whisper, in the dances;
She's the greatest of romances—
She's the darling of my fancy,
Though she's very dead.

Grandpapa was very slim—
Wore a wig
When she courted to him
In the jig;
She was modest, prim and pretty,
He was wealthy, wise and witty,
And he jogged through the city
In a gig.

Sixty summers side by side
Did they go;
Then the feeble father died,
And the snow
Streaked the curls that used to tangle
At a captivating angle
By her cheeks, before the bangle
Caught the dew.

And they say she used to sit
All day through,
With her Bible, reading it
Till she grew
Very old; then came the tragic
End of life's untravelled magic.
For her eyelids no longer
Twee will do.

All that I remember now
Is the quaint
Gold-rimmed glasses on her brow,
In the paint
Where some portrait painter caught her—
And a most devoted daughter—
Mother—who she always thought her
Just a saint.

—F. D. S., in Pouch.

Cheap, but Honest.

Many years ago, when Judge Robert M. Charlton, of Savannah, Ga., was quite a young man, he, in company with his father, Hon. U. P. Charlton, spent every summer in the delightful village of Clarksville, in Northern Georgia.

One day Robert was passing along the street in Clarksville, and it happened to be election day—members of Congress were then elected by what is called the general ticket system—was met by a verdant but honest voter of the mountain, who accosted him thus:

"Mr. Charlton, is you the man that is running for Congress?"

"No, sir; I am no candidate—my father is, however. But may I ask why this inquiry?"

"Nothing, only I haven't voted yet."

"If it is consistent with your feelings, then I would like it if you would vote for my father."

"I would just as soon vote for him as for anybody."

Mr. Charlton thanked him, and thinking perhaps his friend was seeking a treat, invited him into a neighboring tavern.

"What will you take?"

"I never drink anything, but I see they have ginger cakes, I'd like take one of them with you as not."

"Very well. Give us a cake."

"My brother is in town with me."

"All right. Take him a cake with my respects."

Another cake was purchased and paid for and the two friends parted—"Greeny" to find his brother and Mr. Charlton to join in the merry dance with his young friends in a parlor hard by.

"The golden hours on angel's wings" passed rapidly away with Mr. Charlton. His friend was soon forgotten. Late in the evening there was a pause in the dance, and our verdant friend, very much to the surprise of every one, stalked into the parlor and inquired for Mr. Charlton.

Of course all eyes were directed to our friend as he approached Mr. Charlton. Taking a four-by-six inch cake from his bosom, he said:

"Mr. Charlton, here's your cake. My brother voted after I seed him."

Saved by a Sneeze.

The sneeze was one of the old-fashioned whoop-ee-oo-whoop, three-times-three order. It was supposed to see my friend, the Captain, step forward with eager sympathy, and hear him shout, with the joyfulness of a man who had made a discovery: "Why, how do you do, Major?"

The two men clutched each other, shook each other by the hands and shoulders, and finally made me understand that they hadn't seen one another for nineteen years. The Major had changed greatly and he asked, in bewilderment, how the Captain knew him. "By your sneeze," was the answer. "There is no other sneeze like that in this country, you know. And when I heard it ring out I remembered that at Gayandotte, you know, and I knew Major Mitchell was before me."

Then turning to me, the Captain said: "That was our scouting expedition early in the war. We landed in the evening to look up some guerrillas who had made a dash that day to the steamboat landing. The regiment divided, and the men went scamping over the country in gleeful recklessness. Soon it became very dark, and both the battalions lost their way. Moving forward in line, one battalion came suddenly upon a body of troops formed to receive them, with skirmishers out. Neither officers nor men were clear as to what the regulations called for in such a case, and there was a hurried and excited conference. The troops might be our own men, but they ignored every challenge, and we knew that they, like ourselves, were ready to fire. There was a minute of terrible suspense, everybody in doubt. Then suddenly there rang out from the ghostly line in the distance the Major's double-shotted sneeze. It was like the ringing of a joyful knell, and in our relief both battalions fairly danced as roars of laughter succeeded the sneeze. It was a narrow escape from a mistake too common then, of one Union regiment pouring a murderous fire into another. The Major's sneeze saved us."

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A Tramp's Tough Story.

"Remember a wonderful case as came under my personal observation when I was 'travelin' in East Tennessee. I struck one of them little mountain towns one time when they wuz holding county court. Every man had a bottle of moonshine, and they wuz all feelin' mighty happy. Finally they got a little bit too hilly, and a fight sprung up betwixt a great big duffer and a little bit of a wiry

feller. The big duffer could eat the little feller up, clothes and all, but the little feller he done was to pull one of these old pot-metal knives and jab the blade into the little feller's neck. It went in right alongside the jugular, and then it bent kinder around and under it. When the big feller went to pull it out he ripped the little feller's jugular right square into, and you oughter seed the blood fly. It squirted about twenty-five feet. As the little feller dropped everybody in the crowd cried. 'Oh, he's a goner; his jugular vein's cut,' and they expected to see him croak inside of three seconds, but there was one of them mountain doctors there, and to look at him you'd think he didn't know a jugular vein from a trombone. 'Stand back,' said he: 'give me a chance at him,' and he elbowed his way through the crowd to where the little feller lay breathin' his last. He pulled out of his pocket some 'thin' as looked like a crooked darnin' needle, and then he fished around in the wound until he caught hold of both ends of the jugular vein and pulled 'em out. Then he tied the ends tight with a piece of thread to keep the blood from squirtin' out until an old feller in the crowd whittled down an old pipe-stem to make it fit in the jugular. When it was shaved down small enough the old doctor inserted the pipe-stem and tied the ends of the vein tight around it. In less than two minutes that little feller was on his feet and looking around for the feller that cut him."

"You mean to say he recovered?"

"Course he did, and you'll find the case recorded in the medical works. Only case of the kind ever heard of in America."

"And the pipe-stem never bothered him?"

"No; only it made him sick at the stomach at first. The stem was a good deal stronger than the kind he had been used to handlin', and it made him a little bit dizzy for a few days."—*Louisville Commercial.*

Burdette's Patent Screen.

"Last March I invented a screen that I am going to get patented as soon as I can think of a name for it," says Bob Burdette.

"Two women sat down in the seat before me. Remarking as usual upon the closeness of the car, they banged upon the window, and I held on to keep from being blown over the back of the seat. I took the newspaper I was reading, folded it in half, and bending it into a semi-funnel shape, laid it up at such an angle that the blasts of March howling in at that window were not only turned away from myself, but were directed against the back of the neck of the window-opener. When that window slammed down, which was just as soon as the ventilator dared let go of her bonnet with both hands, it woke up the man asleep on the wood-box and I got a glare that made it warm for me for 50 miles. But I didn't open the window and let in the gale. I only exercised the right of a freeman and turned it away from myself."

VARIETIES.

A BOSTON dude was making an evening call upon a Beacon Street young lady last week, and among the many subjects that came up for intelligent discussion was the Crysanthemum show.

"Have you visited the Crysanthemum exhibition yet?" asked the young lady.

"Oh, dear, no," he said; "I find such things very trying; I know; I am not what you call a literary man at all, and such performances are a duce to me."

"It doesn't require a very pronounced literary taste to appreciate a Crysanthemum show," said the young woman with a tired glance at the clock.

"No! Well, perhaps not so much a literary taste, y' know, as a fondness for—for—the antique—the ancient—the classical, you know," replied the slim, trying to hide his feet.

"I do not see that the 'antique,' the 'ancient,' or the 'classical,' as you are pleased to call it, has any particular connection with such a display."

"Well, possibly not very much, y' know," he assented, knocking a piece of brick-a-brack off the table; "it all depends on how one looks at those things, y' know. By the way," he continued, "who is it that plays the part of Crysanthemum?"

"You seem to be laboring under some mistake," replied the young lady politely. "It is not a play, simply an exhibition of flowers bearing that name."

"Bah, Jove," said the slim, "I had obtained the idea that it was something of the nature of a Greek tragedy, y' know."

"A little later he bade her good-evening, and while on his way home a gust of wind blew him against a lamp-post and killed him."

"Did you ever suffer extreme hunger and thirst?" was asked of a Kentucky Colonel who had been relating some solid stories about himself.

"Well," he replied, "I have suffered what might be called extreme hunger, but no man knows how to endure the agonies of thirst better than I do."

"I remember," the time well, he continued retrospectively. "I was on a fishing excursion and became lost in the woods. For three days not a drop passed my lips. My lengthened absence finally caused alarm, and a party was sent out in search of me. They found me lying in an unconscious condition on the bank of a little trout stream, and it was hours before any hopes of saving me were entertained."

"Was the trout stream dry?" asked one of the interested listeners.

"Dry! Certainly not. How could I catch fish if the stream was dry?"

"Well, I don't see how you could suffer from thirst with a stream of water close at hand."

"Water close at hand?" repeated the Kentucky Colonel. "And what has water got to do with a man being thirsty?"

Gus De Smith, a gifted Austin youth, who has no ear for music, attended a musical soiree at the mansion of Colonel Greenbottle.

"Which had you rather hear, Beethoven or Wagner?" asked Miss Matilda Greenbottle, who is a musical celebrity.

"I don't know, I'm sure, which I would rather hear until I have heard them. Are both of them going to sing this evening?" was the reply of the ignorant.

With features wreathed in disgust Miss Greenbottle turned to Koscusko Murphy, who was also present, and addressed the same question to him. Koscusko, who is twice as big an ignorant as Gus De Smith, determined to avoid the rock on which the latter split, so

when Miss Matilda asked which he would rather hear, Beethoven or Wagner, he replied promptly:

"Why, I'd rather hear one of Wagner's pauses all day long than listen to Beethoven sing a single verse of 'Hone, Sweet Home.'"—*Texas Siftings.*

HORACE GREELY, although he "took the papers," was once sought to be victimized at the well-known "dropped pocket-book" game. The man who picked up Mr. Greeley's feet, with bogus money, right at Mr. Greeley's feet, was compelled to go out of town immediately to his sick wife, and begged a loan of fifty dollars in advance of the award which would surely be offered if Mr. Greeley would keep the book. Mr. Greeley consented, and only saved himself by taking the \$50 out of the book. The man remonstrated:

"It will not do to touch that money," he said; "you had better give me \$50 out of your own pocket."

"Bless my soul, my friend," exclaimed the innocent Horace, "I never carried as much money as that with me in my life!"

The man impatiently snatched the book out of Mr. Greeley's hands and hurriedly left to visit his sick wife.

"MAMMA," said a fashionable New York young lady to her mother. "The papers are making a great fuss over Mr. Tennyson, of England."

"Yes," responded the mother, "he has been raised to the dear, delightful peerage."

"He has been made a baron, I see," said the daughter.

"Yes, and his wife will be a baroness, I suppose," reflected the old lady. "How exquisitely beautiful it must be to be a baroness."

"What has he been doing of to be a baron?" asked the cultured young lady.

"What has he been doing," repeated the mother.

"Why he is the sole survivor of the noble six hundred who made the famous charge at Balaklava!"

"John," said a druggist's clerk, "how is our stock of lint for bandages?"

"Got plenty," said John.

"And arnica, are we well supplied with that?"

"Yes, sir; a fresh barrel just received this morning."

"Our stock of salves, lotions and broken-bone remedies, of all sorts, is complete, is it?"

"Yes, sir; we have got enough of everything."

"Very well, then," said the proprietor, glancing at the sky through the front window; "it looks as though we might have a cold, freezing night, and you had better go out and wash down the steps."

"How stupid I am!" said Birdie McHennepin, languidly, executing at the same time quite a respectable waltz act.

"That's true," remarked Gus De Smith, rather impulsively.

"Sir!" exclaimed Birdie, "you are impertinent."

"But you yourself just now asserted that you were stupid."

"I only said so without thinking," said Birdie, petulantly.

"Yes, and up to the time you spoke I had only thought so without saying it."

Hang grape on the door of Miss Birdie. Another lover scratched off the list of one of the Austin belles.

Mrs. SMITH—"Mary, you'll find an epergne in the closet. Put this large bouquet in it, and place it in the center of the dinner table."

Mary (taking the flowers)—"Fair, I'm thinking Meesteress Smith has quare ideas of etiquette intrinly. Och, that I shud liver see the day when I shud be towled to push kick purty flowers into an cold ayron, and then set the same on a decent Christian dinner-table! That will himself say when he comes home from the shore, I wonder!"

The story is told of Senator "Zeb" Vance of North Carolina, that soon after his second marriage he remarked to his bride: "My dear, I'm a very stubborn fellow, and you may anticipate trouble. Now, in the beginning while I am submissive, I want to give you a piece of advice. If you follow it we'll get on mighty well. It is this: Make me do just as I darned please."

Chaff.

A locomotive is called "she" because it has a spark arrester.

An Indian chief bears the name of "Looking-Glass." He is the terror of the plain.

We believe it was a Boston girl who remarked that the remains were "beautifully upholstered."

The secret of success is not so much in catching on as in holding on after you catch on.

Professor in physics: "What is Boyle's law?" Student, with a chuckle: "To break out in the most inconvenient place."

No woman can do her duty in fashionable society until she has learned how to pull a number four glove on a number six hand.

"Overcome by gas" is the heading on a daily paper. We knew those tremendous gas bills would kill somebody sooner or later.

"There's no getting round the fact," murmurs a bachelor paragrapher, "it's hard work to make a \$100,000 girl feel helplessly in love with you."

The farmer's wife should wear gross grain silk.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*—Beyond a doubt she would be very willing to do so if she could.

"I beg a thousand pardons for coming so late," "My dear sir," replied the lady graciously, "no pardons are needed. You can never come too late."

The latest dupe story is that a farmer saw a couple of these agonizing specimens on the street and exclaimed: "Gosh, what things we see when we don't have a gun."

Speaking of a lady who is forever telling of her aches and pains, said Fogg: "I always enjoy hearing her conversation. It is a complete lecture on physiology, and nothing to be lost."

Some ingenious observer has discovered that there is a remarkable resemblance between a baby and wheat, since it is first cradled, then threshed, and finally becomes the flour of the family.

First Young Lady—"Why, how's this, Dolley?—in morning gown! Aren't you going to bed?" Second Lady—"No; I've nothing to wear but my walking suit, and I want to save that."

Little Herbert was walking in the garden with a friend, when he plucked a flower and then with, as Herbert thought, too short a stem. "Don't pick them off so close to the root," said the little fellow.

"Do believe in second love, Humph! It is a man buys a pound of sugar, and it is sweet; and when it's gone don't he want another pound, and isn't that sweet, too? Truth, Murphy, I believe in second love."

wedding tour." "Where are they going to live?" "I don't know. He told me he had been house-hunting ever since yesterday morning, and intended to take a flat." "Ah! indeed, he has decided to follow his wife's example."

A girl called at a lawyer's office and wanted suit entered for "breach of promise." Says she: "He promised to marry me four times. My affections have been higher." Says the polite lawyer: "How much damages do you want?" "Well, I was blighted four times, and I think one hundred dollars a blight is none too much."

They say that at a prayer-meeting in Westfield, Mass., the other night, a good brother rose and said he "wanted to hear sung that beautiful hymn, 'Split Doors.' Every one looked at everybody else in perplexity for a moment, and then a quick-witted sister struck up 'Gates Ajar,' which was what the good brother wanted."

"When I left New York six years ago that mournful failure had already been out four or five seasons and made dead sets for most of the rich fellows in society. Looks as though she would take any higher bid." Says the polite lawyer: "The property, specimen behind you. Do you know her?" "Yes. We are to be married in December."

The compliments of the season—colds, coughs, catarrhs—may be effectively dealt with by taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. To neglect proper treatment for these ailments is to risk consumption, which is said to cause one-sixth of the mortality of civilized countries.

The Household.

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

With the dawn of the new year the Household Editor desires to greet with good wishes the many friends and readers of this department of the FARMER. It is pleasant to her to remember that all the old contributors have remained faithful allies during the three years of her incumbency, and that many new ones have been "counted in." To all these she returns thanks for their support and encouragement, and for their many kindly and appreciative words, hoping their interest and friendship may never lessen. To the many new readers into whose hands the FARMER will come for the first time this week, she extends a cordial invitation to contribute to the Household. The value of the department depends upon the support it receives from its lady readers, who are asked to write up their opinions on current topics, their pet economies, their favorite recipes, for the benefit of others. Ours is especially a farmers' household; let us make it a model of its kind.

Here's wishing all FARMER people a happy and prosperous new year; with "Rip Van Winkle's" toast: "May you all live long and prosper."

FEMININE DEGENERACY.

In every community there are some elderly people who feel called upon to mourn over the degeneracy of the race, the puny children and broken down women, and lament that there are no more of the "old fashioned women" without backbones, who never got tired, never wanted a vacation, or asked for a patent churn or water in the kitchen. They count that women who can do the most work with the least to do with, who is never known to sit down in the daytime and with whom Death will have to run a race if he ever catches up with her, as the most capable and thrifty. It never occurs to these admirers of the stout, strong-limbed women who worked so hard and never knew rest, the women they remember "when they were boys," that these are actually in fault for what they are pleased to term the present degeneracy of the race. They worked too hard, and their children suffered for it; these were brought up on Dr. Watt's theology, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," and their children came into the world still more frail and puny, to work as hard and entail a legacy of impaired vitality upon their offspring. The "Pilgrim mothers" deserve a meed of praise; (Oliver Logan says because they "had to live with the Pilgrim Fathers"), their privations were great, their strength heroic, yet in their incessant toil and unremitting industry so greatly lauded, in their white frocks, daily scouring on hands and knees, their burnished pewter and ever whirling spinning wheels, were sown the seeds which result in the physical frailness of the women of to-day.

To judge by what is now said and written of the women of Colonial times, we should conclude their dress was a model of lightness, protection and hygienic needs, which these chronic grumblers would be glad to see restored to popular favor. Let us look at a picture of a belle of the last century, as seen in an old painting. Her hat is no more protection to her head than the capote of today, her neck is bare, except as covered by a folded silk handkerchief, her sleeves are skin tight, her skirt short and scanty, her shoes are low thin-soled slippers, secured by crossed ribbon straps, her stockings of thin silk, while her form suggests that old-fashioned instrument of torture which has made "as rigid as an Elizabethan corset" pass into a proverb.

This was street wear in winter, mind you. Then look at the debutante of 1884, in her fur-lined or wadded circular, her high-necked, long-sleeved camel's hair or silk, fleeced lined or cashmere hose, thick soled, many buttoned boots, and say which is most sensibly dressed, then give us a rest" on the merits of the "good old fashions."

It is not the women of to-day but the women of past decades, who should be arraigned as the cause of the "weak constitutions" of the race in the year of grace 1884. The old stock went to "meeting" and sat through "Nineteenth century, brethren," in cold, draughty churches, with damp feet and chills creeping up their spines, ate a cold lunch in a colder vestibule, took another dose of theology, and not even the grace of God could prevent their taking pneumonia and neuralgia along with the "sound doctrine."

"I met X on the avenue this afternoon with his wife. They have just returned from their

from feeling the consequences of violation of natural laws. Any violation of law brings its penalty, and these great-grandmothers of ours, who lived for labor, did not know that in thus overtaxing themselves they were bringing the curse of weakness and degeneracy upon their children. They sinned ignorantly, but we of the present feel the consequences no less acutely. It has been said that to reform a man we must begin with his grandmother; it is the truth in a nutshell. Strong, even-tempered, steady, strong-limbed sons and daughters. The woman makes or mars the coming generation; she gives it strength or weakness. The old Spartans believed in the "survival of the fittest," and no puny or sickly children were allowed to grow up; consequently they became models of strength, vigor and hardihood, showing conclusively that mankind can be elevated in physical attributes, by the same means employed to fix or perpetuate a type in the animal creation. A later civilization holds all life sacred and ought to hold all women guilty who through overtaxing themselves, improper food, insufficient clothing or the "dissipation of hard work" weaken their constitutions, and send their children into the world diseased from infancy. It is a sad but significant item among the statistics of mortality, which tells us that one-half the children born into the world die in infancy. A large percentage die through the ignorance of those who ought to know how to take care of them but do not, a large percentage simply have not the vitality necessary to take them through the critical period of infancy. Dr. Dix says decidedly that the time to begin to take care of a child is long before its birth, and adds that if parents would observe some of the common sense rules adopted by the breeders of fine animals, few children would come into the world unequipped for living. He also deals those fathers who make immoderate use of tobacco and intoxicants a stinging and well deserved rebuke.

Another thing which has tended to lower the physical type of the race, is the greater respect in which intellectual vigor is held, and also that delicacy of appearance has been fashionable. We cultivate brain at the expense of bodily strength, increasing the delicacy and responsiveness of our organization till we are literally "bundles of nerves," as we call ourselves with pride sometimes. A sound mind in a sound body is a rarer union than we are generally aware; one seems almost always to be developed at the expense of the other, whereas wisdom would indicate that both should be harmoniously developed and jointly perfected. And fortunately the returning swing of the pendulum makes it "fashionable" to enjoy robust health, to be sunburned and tanned; and from a nation of semi-invalids there is danger we shall become a nation of athletes.

Then to mothers of the coming generation we may say: Do not be ashamed or afraid to husband your strength and vitality. Self preservation is more than a right, it is a duty. By an unreasonable tax upon your physical resources, you are neither fitted to bear or bring up children, you run the risk of becoming a chronic invalid, of dying when your children need a mother's care and kindness most, and leaving them to the untender mercies of strangers. It is wrong for a woman to sacrifice herself in the ambition to be always faultless in housekeeping, or to "keep up with" the neighbors. Do not say you "cannot live in dirt;" if you cannot, you must one day lie down and be buried in it, and not even the rejoinder that you don't "want to be buried in it before your time," can excuse the consequences of overwork to yourself and your babies.

BEATRIX.

THE LEAN KINE.

While reading in the Household the rather amusing article on "Beauty and the Beast," the above topic suggested itself to my mind.

In these busy days of the nineteenth century, we are not arrested in our great march of life by such marvelous things as were spoken by the prophets of old. Those who foretell famine are considered little more than lunatics, and the words they utter are soon forgotten. But however much the ancient stories may seem like an allegory, we have in fact, at the present time, almost perfect prototypes of the characters spoken of in Holy Writ as the lean kine, and those spoken of under "Beauty and the Beast" are fair representatives.

In these busy days of ours, when we yoke steam to do our work and chain the lightning to carry our messages, when men accomplish more in "three score years and ten" than Methuselah could in nine hundred years, there are many, yes very many, who have never seemed to catch the spirit of the times, and considered it their duty to lift a hand to aid in earning their daily bread, although the decree that came from the council chamber of the Eternal, that man should earn his bread by the "sweat of his brow" is in as full force to-day as it was six thousand years ago.

Not that the young women of the present time represent the lean kine that devour the fat of the land and consume without giving anything in return, more than some of the young men of the present day, but as the Household is devoted to the interests of the women we address what we have to say to them.

Every young woman, no matter how wealthy her parents may be, or how much she may be the curled darling of the house, should remember that she has, or should have, a life of usefulness before her, for which she should thoroughly prepare herself. The young woman who says that she does not care to perform the office of a wife, you can set down at once as a "sport of nature," or that she purposely tells a falsehood.

A thorough knowledge of the rudiments of housekeeping and cooking is one of the first and one of the all important things for a young woman to learn. The art of making and mending garments, as homely as it may seem, is another essen-

tial. To be possessed of a good education, not necessarily collegiate, but to be conversant with and have a knowledge of the common affairs of business that come up in every day life, is another important element that may render a woman useful, and aid her to better perform her duties as a wife.

To prepare to lead a useful life should be one of the first things taught in every household. A know-nothing and a do-nothing is a nuisance anywhere. They are worse than a blank. The fact that so many young women look upon labor as an ignoble thing, is one of the worst indications to which we can point at the present time. First given strength of body and faculties of mind, our next duty should be to learn how to use them. The age demands living women, advancing, subduing, controlling women, who are willing to do and act whenever duty calls. When young women have fully equipped and prepared themselves for a life of usefulness, they will have found but little time to devote to the oiling of the hair or curling the tail of a saucy little poodle dog.

Everything in nature teaches that it is standing or moving in one's proper place, and doing duty right there, that makes one distinct, dignified, useful, noble and happy; and these beauties with their poodles, who like the lean kine consume, (and that is all), may show us by striking contrast what one's life ought to be. The ancient proverb, "Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain," is shown with new lustre; and to those who will prepare themselves for a life of usefulness we will say: "Strength and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come."

DIDO.

MILFORD, Dec. 20th.

THE FAIR AGAIN.

It is not quite pleasant to Michigan people who are proud of our State and its institutions, to feel that Mr. Woodward, whose report is quoted by A. L. L. in a late FARMER, and who by the way is a prominent farmer and a valued correspondent of the agricultural press, is justified in his sharp criticism of the *morale* of the State and Grand Rapids fairs, by the actual facts in the case. The ratio of side show to agricultural display is quite out of proportion. It is fair to inquire, since we are told that the State Agricultural Society was chartered to "advance the interests of agriculture and kindred arts" in Michigan, what interest of the State or people is encouraged by the side-shows and catch-penny schemes, in which the actual agricultural exhibits seem to have been hopelessly and inextricably lost for at least the past two years. At Jackson one's first comment after passing the gate was "But where's the fair?" The grounds were much more like one's conception of a beer-garden than the place where the products of the soil of a great State were to be viewed. Michigan women have been scandalized and affronted by the not-to-be-avoided sight of an Amazon in flesh-colored tights and drapery (or lack of it) a ballet girl would be ashamed of exhibiting herself to a crowd of gaping and jeering men and boys, through which they must pass to visit one of the most interesting of the legitimate exhibits. What agricultural art is fostered by the sight of a woman fearlessly toying with a rubber snake, and a man splitting ear-drums by yelling "It's alive!" Such shows are repulsive to people of any refinement and intelligence; does not the Society insult the

PENCIL SKETCHES BY THE WAY.

Continuation of Tonia County Sketches.

Leaving the home of and in company with F. M. Dean, we drove through the village of Lyons, and as we do so, see how badly the business and wealthy men of this might-have-been busy town sadly missed the mark by allowing the D. G. H. & M. and the D. L. & N. R. R. to pass on each side of them, thus building up the enterprising village of Muir, only one mile from them. Thus is demonstrated the truth of the old saying that "experience is a good school though a costly one." Here they might have had a good business town, for there is a splendid water power almost dormant, and its power wasting. Continuing our ride over a rough road, houses few and settlers sparse, with bottom lands and river on one side, on the other a high bluff or hill almost hiding the mid-day sun, we finally climb or drive up the ascent, reach the table land and the

WALNUT VALLEY FARM

of L. M. Kelsey, two and a half miles south of the busy, bustling town of Ionia, and are warmly greeted by him, the hospitality of his pleasant home extended to us during our stay, and an introduction given to his rosy daughter, the easy and graceful hostess, and who, by the way, is a most accomplished horsewoman, for we remember the ride of 15 miles one bright, crisp morning that she gave us over to N. B. Hayes' Eldorado Farm, behind her spanking five-year-old roadster Bay Fred, where we had an engagement, calling on our return at the elegant homes of Hon. A. M. Willett and L. N. Olmstead. This farm of Mr. Kelsey's consists of 160 acres, and like most table land is nearly level, and has been the home of this active, genial farmer for many years. The house is homelike externally and more so internally. The barn is 40x70, in which is the horse and carriage room, granary, hay storage, etc. The T. 32x66 feet has been lately remodeled, and is now the winter home of his flock of thoroughbred Merinos, which he has now been breeding for five years. This flock traces back to importations from Spain through the flock of N. Winship (from whom he first purchased) of Elba, Lapeer Co., to those also Hon. John T. Rich, A. P. Gale, J. T. & A. V. Rich, Stickney and E. Townsend, thus concentrating and combining the blood of the Rich and Stickney stock. His breeding ewes, though not remarkable for size, are specially to be noted for their uniformity, the density and staple of their fleeces, and their splendid covering. The yearlings and lambs show this specially of breeding. We notice a ram lamb sired by Prince Bismark, dam a J. T. Rich ewe, a yearling ram bred by F. M. Dean, and sired by Gen. Dix, a perfect picture of him, and must develop into a good one; the two yearling ewes, whose first fleece at 369 days was 16 7/16 lbs., with a 4 lb. carcass, and 17 1/2 lbs. for second fleece; also the yearling ewe whose first clip was 17 6/16 lbs. We learned that 13 lbs. was the average of breeding ewes. The stock ram, No. 24, was bred by the Barnes Brothers, of Byron, with Q. C. Rich 102, bred by Q. C. Rich, of Vermont, for sire, and a grand sire, Stickney 146; dam H. C. Burwell's 180, sired by Burwell's Bismark 121. His No. 40 is in the Vermont and Michigan register, had Monarch 103 for sire, 2d in Commodore (793), 3d Kilpatrick (71); dam of No. 40 was E. J. & E. W. Hardy No. 109, by Don Pedro (276), bred by F. & L. E. Moore, Vermont. The ram No. 24 took second at State Fair and is for sale. There are no grade sheep on the farm, but some good grade cattle. We saw a three-quarter bred Percheron two-year-old stallion, sired by Monarch, bred from Dunham stock, with dam by Chandler's Mark Anthony, that has good color, size (weighing 1,400 pounds), good limbs, feet and plenty of muscle and action; and a yearling grade sired by Gray Marquis, a stallion handled by Mr. Kelsey for two years, and who left more marked impression on the stock in this locality than any Percheron we have seen in Michigan. They all, like this colt, are strongly marked in color, size and general uniformity, making it easy to match same age colts regardless of dams in any respect. Mr. Kelsey is entitled to much credit, as he tries to elevate the standard of all kinds of stock in this State. In company with him we visit E. P. Kelsey, who owns the adjoining 425 acres, which is called

CLAY RIDGE FARM.

Our first attention was given to the elegant home mansion, which is of brick and two stories high, superbly finished and furnished, the house heated by furnace, and the conservatory filled with choice plants, from which we inhale the sweetest perfume. From the windows we look beyond and take in a view of Ionia, her spires, business blocks, and the residences that dot the terraced hill, that almost crowds business to the low and often water covered land that borders the Grand River. We find this land to be somewhat rolling, and productive, giving good returns in wheat, etc. The barns are very large, are painted, and convenient, the main one being 40x110, on a nine foot wall, and 26 feet posts. The sheep barn, where he keeps his 300 high grades, using thoroughbred rams from L. M. Kelsey's best stock getters, is 50x70 feet. We notice the yard is nearly surrounded by a high and solid stone wall, laid up in mortar, and large sheds and roomy yards for his stock. An open space, 40x56 feet, will soon be roofed over also. Water in abundance is found in the yards and barns, while corn-crib, tool-house and pig-pens are complete. There is one tenant house, and a barn 40x56 feet, raised lately on a wall, and thoroughly overhauled and painted. We call him an enterprising mixed farmer, raising wheat, keeping grade sheep, buying in connection with his brother many head of young high grade cattle, making profit out of their growth and his coarse fodder, the manure increasing the yield of his fertile acres. There are five colts, sired by Gray Marquis, that weigh 1,100 lbs. as yearlings, large, blocky, square built fellows; and four brood mares, kept for breeding to Percherons here. Having been raised from boyhood in western New York, where he could daily see the blooded colts that were owned and grazed upon the

lands of the noted Wadsworths, it is not to be wondered that he grew up an admirer of the noble and majestic Short-horn, and when he removed to this State, commenced his breeding to some extent in 1857, bringing with him Lady Weddle and old Splendor stock. In later years he purchased of Daniel Hardy, W. G. Markham and Aaron Beebe, of Livingston County, N. Y., and later still from Thomas Birkett, A. F. Wood, Wm. Ball and Wm. Boyden, of own own State. As his card in your directory notes, the Rose of Sharon, Phyllis and Gwynne families are at present represented in his herd. We see Lady Morton 3d by Thordale Duke 15592, dam Lady Morton by Grand Duke of Morton 5733. This cow is eight years old, bred by E. K. Thomas, of North Middleton, Ky., a red and white in color; a Young Mary. The five-year-old 2d Duchess of Ionia was sired by Sultan, dam 1st Duchess of Ionia by Belmont 7556, etc., grand dam Red Star, she tracing to Lady Weddle, Old Splendor 24164, of the Weddle importation. The three-year-old roan Duchess Gwynne was sired by 2d Duke of Kirklevington 26276, dam Oxford Gwynne, by St. Valentine 43434, 2d Duke Morning Glory by Grand Turk 2305 (19269). The imp. 2d Duke of Kirklevington 26276, was by Oxford King 27397 (35097), out of imp. Duchess of Kirklevington 17th by 2d Duke of Gloster (38392). Souvenir 10th is a red, three years old, was bred by A. F. Wood, of Mason, Ingham Co., was got by Bright Eyes Gloster 25781, dam Fall Beauty, by Treble Gloster 7351, etc. The yearling 5th Duchess of Ionia had 1st Duchess of Ionia for dam, with Duke of Ionia 31517, he by Rufus 18275, for sire. The handsome and perfect red bull calf Duke of Clay Ridge was calved on April 3d, weighs 700 lbs., and was got by Duke of Crow Farm 38823 with Lot 34 for dam, grand dam Lot 34 by Twemlow 13060, dam Lot 34 by Muscaton 3057, tracing to Loudon Duke 3007 and imported Challenger 324. This Duke of Clay Ridge, for size, color, perfection of form and symmetry of proportion, stands in our estimation as the best bull calf of his age among all those that we have seen in our journeyings through the State, and we state this opinion fully and strongly. This small herd is well worth a look at. We left Mr. Kelsey, trusting that as his ample means allow him to gratify every wish, he will continue in the path he has chosen.

Nearly opposite is the 80-acre farm of A. R. Wilcox, who is an earnest reader and admirer of the FARMER, and we should have been pleased to have met him. Although he was absent we had a look in his barn-yard and saw a bunch of yearling steers that as grades can't be beat, for age, in the county, and when fed as he feels will make a fine showing on a butcher's block.

J. W. Loomis was absent too; but we glanced at his 190 acre farm from the top of the fence, noticed his fine brick house, and wandered into the pasture where we saw three grade Short-horns and a pair of one-year old black half-bred Percherons that weigh 2,300 lbs., and a pair of sucklings, all sired by Gray Marquis, having all the essentials of good animals in size, style and action.

Henry Sprague was absent, but we noticed from the surroundings that he is an enterprising, tidy farmer. He keeps none but grade stock, but reads the FARMER.

Wm. S. Bates was, fortunately for us, at home, and we find him nicely located on his Oak Grove Farm of 230 acres, and upon which he has lived 25 years, with 200 of it improved. Wheat, corn and clover are his specialties; his barns have been rebuilt and added to till they are now 40x90 feet, with a T 4x60 feet, the latter being built this season; and they are all nicely arranged with box-stalls opening out into an enclosed yard and intended for brood mares and their foals. The barns are very complete, with fine arrangements for hay, grain, stabling for cattle and sheep, etc. Keeping 300 or more high grades, using Kelsey rams, his stabling is amply sufficient for his grade cows, the bunch of young cattle that he is feeding, and his thoroughbred Short-horns. The barns are well lighted, with water handily arranged in different localities. Here we find more of the half blood Percherons, all of them promising colts, being sired of course by Gray Marquis. His first purchase of Short-horns was from A. F. Wood, of Mason, about two years ago, although he had been grading high for several years. Souvenir 9th is now four years old, was got by Bright Eyes Gloster 25781, dam Souvenir 4th by Treble Gloster 7351, tracing to Sally Randolph by imp. Lord Duce 663, etc. She has bred him one male calf by Per's Oxford, who is at the head of Mr. Wood's herd. Phoenix 19th is three past, was got by Earl of Mason 29475, out of Phoenix 13th by Bright Eyes Gloster 25781, etc., tracing to imp. Venus by Magnus Bonum (2234), has given a bull calf six months old now by Gloster Boy. Fuschia is red, two years old, by 3d Col. Gloster 57990, dam Fuschia 5th by Gloster of Ingham 17169, tracing to stock imported by E. A. Leroy, of Livingston Co., N. Y. This stock is good, and we only regret his herd is not larger; but he tells us he shall continue and the world shall yet hear of him as a breeder, and also of his Oak Grove herd of Short-horns. Before leaving we glance again at his ten head of grade cows and heifers, and his 14 head of one and two year olds, and he is feeding. He says the grades will soon be weeded out, except for feeding. The grades are very high up, he having used the best sires to be had.

Major A. F. Kelsey's was the next farm visited. Here we find a genial, jolly soul, and a man who in the past has devoted his life to railroading and other business, but now he looks with pride over his rich farm of 470 acres, so level that from his pleasant house, you can see every part of it. The barns, etc., are large, roomy and convenient. His herd of high grade cattle numbers nearly 30; he has always used thoroughbreds here. Knightly Prince 1st, is the one at the head at present. He is red with little white, was bred by H. H. Hinds, Stanton, Mich., was got by Casius 31055, with Lady Knightly 6th by Mazurka Duke 20891, for dam, tracing to

Pansy 7th dam by Grey Friar (9172) to Beatrice 11th dam by Caliph (1774). His only thoroughbred cow, the five year old roan Baroness Gwynne, was bred by Thomas Birkett and sired by Baron Hubbard 2d 13199 (37941), by Baron Oxford (28375), with Duchess 7th by Grand Duke of Lancaster (19833) for dam. Baron Hubbard 2d was the first prize yearling bull at the Northampton meeting in England before importation to this country. Baroness traces to some of the most noted Short-horns, she is a specially fine animal and worthy to be in any herd for her size, general make up and her breeding qualities. He has a good six months bull calf by a noted sire, and has just added a full blood Galloway bull, purchased from J. L. Wickes & Co., of Colby, Mich., the breeding of which was noted in the FARMER'S Stock Notes. It is the intention of Mr. K. to cross this bull upon high grade cows for fattening purposes only. We see in his yard three two-year old steers of same crosses, that are wonderfully good, their retaining the Galloway so closely as to resemble very nearly the full bred ones. Among the horse stock we see a number of half bred Percherons, sired by Gray Marquis, and a sucking mare colt sired by Louis Napoleon from an inbred Hambletonian mare of speed. This colt has lots of style and action, and is well put up. There are between 300 and 400 grade sheep and lambs, sired by L. M. Kelsey bucks, that have size and good shearing qualities to recommend them. We also saw a good gray roadster, and the one who rides behind him is not compelled to take dust from many. We noticed near by in the house one flock of 75 acres, which is in wheat that looks very even and of thrifty growth. As many as 524 bushels of wheat to the acre has been cut on this farm, demonstrating its productiveness. We leave this farm and shall remember it as one of the best we have visited so far in this county.

C. J. Freeman lives upon a farm of 181 acres, partly of high rolling land and partly of river bottom lands. Here we see two three-year old Short-horns bred by Chunnly Chief 34771, once at the head of the herd at Agricultural College Farm. He has 135 high grade sheep, has been in registered sheep for two years, but has lately sold out his interest in them to his son W. J. Freeman, who will continue breeding them. The first purchase was from S. B. Lusk, of Batavia, N. Y. They were sired by Money Maker (312) and New York (311), were straight Atwoods, and in lamb by Lusk's 103 and 117. He is now using Freeman's 51, 53 and 53. His three-year old 117 ewe has clipped 18 lbs. and raised her lamb. This family of sheep are so well known that we will omit any lengthy description, only adding that this flock specially ranks high in the estimation of all who see them. Writing as we are at midnight, it is not strange that we had nearly forgotten the three-year old Short-horn Hatlie by Chunnly Chief 34771, first dam Hebe by Fatalist 4794, and Henrietta same age and breeding. We also saw some halfbred Percherons, from sucklings to three-year olds, sired by Gray Marquis; also some Houdan fowls that are full bred.

Our last call in this portion of the State was made at the farm of Hon. Alonzo Sessions, where we had the pleasure of meeting him for the first time, and of riding with him over his large farm. We found he was born in New York State in the year 1810, came into Michigan in 1833, settling on this farm, which is some six miles from Ionia, where there were but five families there, and they living in log cabins or wigwags; that he has held many official positions as supervisor, justice of the peace, sheriff of the county, and Lieutenant Governor of the State, and is a self-made man, that the country round him has been well developed and that he has done his part towards it. His farm of 1,000 acres is rather stony, as we see piles and piles of them on all sides; but it has been his home and out of which he has carved a handsome fortune through industry, perseverance and sagacity. The farm is well-timbered, and cared for rigidly, a system of clearing up the woods has been carried out till now they are all underbrushed and in any portion of them you can ride with horse and carriage, as we did. The farm is bordered by the Grand River, the soil is productive, and is under a good state of cultivation. The barns are large and ample, built on quite an extensive scale, and lately been largely added to, although in the past when more barn room was wanted he would buy an additional farm that he might have them without the bother and vexation of building. The farm is well watered through his system in nearly every field. His residence is of stone, substantial, and looks upon the D. G. H. & M. trains. The residence of his son John is frame, and two stories high. This son has nearly the entire management of the farm, of which he is part owner. Much attention is given to raising high grade cattle and sheep. Two years ago he started in registered sheep, purchasing 13 ewes from S. B. Lusk, of Batavia, New York. There are now some forty ewes and lambs in the flock. There are three registered bucks, purchased from C. M. Fellows, of Manchester, one of which sheared 27 lbs. at Lansing. He has nine brood mares, grades that he breeds to full blood Percherons. We saw 17 colts, from sucklings to three years old, that were sired by Gray Marquis, that when fit for work will sell for big prices.

Two years ago they first started in thoroughbred Short-horns, although using for years a full bred bull. The purchases were made from Wm. Ball. Lot 4th is four years old, was by Lord Barrington 3d 30115, dam Lot 4 by Twemlow 13060, tracing to imported Young Phyllis by Fairfax (1023). Tookie 2d, three-year old, by same sire as Lot 4th, dam Tookie by Conquest 32054, tracing to imp. Young Mary by Jupiter (2170). Tookie 3d, two years old, is of same breeding. The bull, Duke of Ionia, was bred by Thomas Birkett, of Base Lake, is coming two years old, and was purchased from Wm. Ball. He was sired by Duke of Kirklevington 26276, out of Oxford Gwynne 2d by 4th Duke of Winfield 8049. They are also breeding Berkshires,

taking first on them at last County Fair. If our time and space would admit we should be pleased to say more about this extensive farm and its management, and as we bid good-bye to this kindly old pioneer, we think of what he has done, of the large family he has reared to manhood, of the hardships endured in his long and active life, of his example and reputation, all giving food for thought to us while ON THE WING.

"Rachup-Paluh." Quins, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases. \$1. Druggists.

COMMERCIAL.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, Dec. 31, 1883.

Flour.—Receipts for the week, 3,393 bbls., against 3,283 bbls. last week, and 7,303 bbls. for the corresponding week in 1883. Shipments, 1,697 bbls. The market was depressed, with a heavy limiting production and stocks very light. There is little or no shipping demand. Rye flour is higher under a better inquiry. Quotations yesterday were as follows: Michigan white wheat, choice..... \$4 75 @ \$5 00 Michigan white wheat, roller process 5 25 @ 5 50 Michigan white wheat, patent..... 6 00 @ 6 25 Minnesota, bakers..... 5 75 @ 6 00 Minnesota, patent..... 7 25 @ 7 50 Rye..... 3 75 @ 4 00

Wheat.—There were only three market days the past week, but little was done. Values are again lower both in cash wheat and futures. Closing prices were as follows on cash wheat: No. 1 white, \$1 09 1/2; No. 2 white, 94 1/2; No. 2 red, 91 1/2. On futures: January, 91 1/2; February, 90 1/4; March, 89 1/2.

Corn.—Market quiet and lower. No. 2 is selling at 54 1/2; No. 2 for January delivery at 55c, new mixed at 50 1/2. Street prices, 48 1/2 @ 50.

Oats.—Quiet. Quotations are 36c for No. 2 white, and 35 1/2c for No. 2 mixed. Street prices, 35 1/2 @ 36.

Brackwheat Flour.—Quiet at \$4 50 per 100 lb. Barley.—Fine western samples are quoted at \$1 50 @ \$1 60 per bu., and Canada barley about 5c higher. Straw is selling at \$1 20 @ 1 25 per cental, and on the street at 70c @ 75c per bu.

Oatmeal.—Demand good and prices steady. Fine Ohio and Illinois selling at \$2 00 @ 2 10 per bu. Coats and Firms.—Firm and steady at \$2 25 @ 2 35 per ton for fresh ground.

Feed.—Very quiet, and prices somewhat unsettled. Bran is nominal at \$18 00, fine middlings at \$10 1/2 @ 10 3/4 and coarse at \$14 per ton.

Linseed Meal.—Demand inactive; for Detroit brand quotations are \$1 50 per sack in retail lots, \$3 25 per ton sacked, in one or two tons lots, f. o. b.

Apples.—The market is inactive but prices show no change. Small orders are being filled at \$2 75 @ 2 85. Street price, \$2 50 @ 2 75.

Beans.—Inactive and depressed; pickers are quoting at \$2 10 for their best stock; unpicked are not quotable at over \$1 00 1/2 per bushel. Farm farmers' wagons buyers are paying \$1 10 @ 1 15.

Butter.—Market quiet. Good fair butter sells at 20c per lb., and low grade stock at 12 1/2 @ 13c. Street price, 12 1/2 @ 13c.

Cheese.—Market steady. Full cream State are quoted at 14 1/2 @ 15c per lb., and second quality at 12 1/2 @ 13c.

Butterfat.—Scarcely and firm at 30c per lb. Eggs.—Supply light and market firm at 27c for fresh, lined, 23 1/2 @ 24c. Street prices, 24 1/2 @ 25c.

Dried Apples.—Southern, 6 1/2; State, 7 1/2 @ 8c. B. Evaporated fruit is worth 14c.

Hay.—Baled on track is selling at \$10 11 1/2 per ton.

Hops.—Market quiet. Receivers are offering 18 1/2 @ 20c, according to quality, for State. New York are quoted at 27 1/2 @ 28c for choice.

Beef.—Quiet and weak; good hogs of over 300 lbs. are worth \$6 75 @ 6 85 per hundred; light weights, about same price. Retailers are paying \$5 75 @ 6 00 for good block hogs.

Clover Seed.—S only at \$6 per bu. for spot, and \$6 25 for January delivery.

Potatoes.—The market is quiet and steady with only a local demand. Quotations are 50c for small lots.

Hickory Nuts.—In good supply at \$1 25 per shell-barks and at 90c @ \$1 for large nuts.

Maple Sugar.—Quiet at 11 1/2 @ 12c; syrup, 7 @ 9c per gallon.

Onions.—Bull and unchanged at 12 1/2 @ 13c per gallon.

Provisions.—Barrelled pork is slightly lower, as is also lard. All other pork products quiet and steady. Mess and dried beef are unchanged, and tallow quiet at former quotations. Quotations in this market are as follows:

Mess, new	15 25 @ 15 50
Family do	15 75 @ 16 00
Clear do	16 00 @ 16 25
Lard in tierces, weighing	9 1/2 @ 9 3/4
Lard in kegs, per lb.	12 1/2 @ 13 1/4
Hams, per lb.	13 1/2 @ 14
Shoulders, do	12 1/2 @ 13
Choice bacon, per lb.	9 @ 9 1/4
Extra mess beef, per bu.	11 50 @ 11 75
Yellow, per lb.	6 @ 6 1/2
Dried beef, per lb.	13 @ 13 1/4

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

At the Michigan Central Yards.

Saturday, Dec. 29, 1883.

The following were the receipts for these yards:

Cattle	No.	Wt.
Biding	44	214
Clair	16	10
D. & M. R.	34	226
Eagle	12	124
Horn	17	18
Langston	18	59
Marshall	18	50
Plymouth	7	4
South Lyons	2	108
Tokohusa	21	46
Brove in	102	
Total	213	1,100

The offerings of Michigan cattle at these yards numbered 213 head, against 147 last week. The attendance of buyers was not large, but the supply of cattle was not large enough to go round. Prices as compared with those of last week were a strong 25 cents per hundred higher, and a good many more could have been handled on the same terms. Everything points to high rates for cattle between now and the first of April, and the same of readers who are feeding, are assured of remunerative prices. The following were the closing

quotations: Extra graded steers, weighing 1,300 to 1,400 lbs., \$5 00 @ 5 50 Choice steers, fine, fat and well formed, 1,300 to 1,400 lbs., 5 00 @ 5 25 Good steers, well fattened, weighing 1,200 to 1,300 lbs., 4 50 @ 4 75 Good mixed Butcher's Stock—Fat cows, heifers and light steers, 3 75 @ 4 50 Coarse Mixed Butcher's Stock—Light fat cows, heifers, steers and bulls, 3 00 @ 3 50 Stockers, 2 75 @ 3 00 Fanners, 2 50 @ 2 75 Bulls, 2 75 @ 3 00 Ramsey sold Fitzpatrick a mixed lot of 23 head of fair butchers' stock at 83 lbs at \$3 75, and a bull weighing 1,200 lbs at \$4 55; 138 do at \$4 55; 81 lambs at \$7 1/2 at \$4 55; 71 do at \$4 55 at \$7 1/2. Hock, 53,292, against 44,735 last week. The market opened up on Monday with 120 carloads on sale, and prices low r than those of the previous week, and this was followed by a still further decline on Wednesday, the market closing with a good many lot over and the tendency downward. Buyers to choice Yorkers sold at \$5 50 @ 5 70; fair do, \$5 30 @ 5 50; medium grades at \$5 00 @ 5 25; and extra heavy, \$5 25 @ 5 50. Pigs common choice, \$5 25 @ 5 50; and culls, \$3 75 @ 4 00.

1,007 last week. The sheep trade was very active and the sharp competition between buyers sent prices up 50 cents per hundred over the rates of last week. The quality of the offerings was rather inferior, and it is on this point that the advance is based. The prospects are good for higher prices for good sheep when the spring trade sets in, and a little grain fed sheep for the next two or three months will return a good profit. Berdan sold John Downs 67 av 83 lbs at \$4. Ramsey sold Wreford & Beck 144 av 83 lbs at \$4.10. Hyman sold John Downs 90 av 83 lbs at \$4.15. Ramsey sold John Downs 211, pub. lambs, av 84 lbs at \$4.25. Patten sold John Downs 54 av 83 lbs at \$3.75. McFadden sold John Downs 129 av 83 lbs at \$4. Ramsey sold John Downs 175 av 84 lbs at \$4. Adams sold John Downs 35 av 81 lbs at \$4. Ramsey sold John Downs 38 av 83 lbs at \$4.25. Clark sold Fitzpatrick 90 av 83 lbs at \$3.65.

HOES.

The offerings of hoes numbered 367, against 150 last week. The supply was light and the market ruled fairly active. Buyers were looking for a considerably heavier break than actually occurred, as after the receipts had been closed out, none of them put the decline at more than 25 cents per hundred below the rates of last week.

The quality of the hoes was much inferior to those of one week ago, and when this is taken into consideration we think the 25 cents will fully cover the difference in price.

Hyman sold Webb Bros 34 av 220 lbs at \$5.20. Conley sold Hammond 40 av 192 lbs at \$5.10. Wallace sold Hammond 21 av 228 lbs at \$5.25. Merritt sold John Devine 35 av 185 lbs at \$5.25. Clark sold John Devine 33 av 187 lbs at \$5.20. Gleason sold Hammond 40 av 201 lbs at \$5.30. Clark sold Webb Bros 10 av 270 lbs at \$5.50. McFadden sold Webb Bros 38 av 170 lbs at \$5.25. Patten sold John Devine 35 av 185 lbs at \$5.25. Ramsey sold John Devine 40 av 156 lbs at \$5.25. Scottell sold Webb Bros 46 av 155 lbs at \$5.25.

King's Yards.

Monday, Dec. 31, 1883.

CATTLE.

The market opened up at these yards with 177 head of cattle on sale. It was a good day for sellers, as the demand was in excess of the supply, and it took but a short time to close out the receipts. The profits must have been satisfactory, for prices averaged 25 cents per hundred, higher than those at the Central Yards on Saturday, and 50 cents higher than those of one week ago.

Overhoff sold Genther 4 choice butchers' cows and heifers at \$18 1/2 at \$5, and 4 to Knock at \$55 lbs at \$4.75.

Ramsey sold Hayes 4 thin steers and heifers av 1,200 lbs at \$3.70, and 3 to Knock at \$55 lbs at \$3.50.

Robb sold Overhoff 3 good butchers' steers av 800 lbs at \$5.50.

Nichols sold John Robinson 17 good butchers' cows and heifers av 877 lbs at \$4.10.

Fleischman sold Knobb a good butchers' cow weighing 1,200 lbs at \$4.55 and 2 bulls av 780 lbs at \$3.50.

Taylor sold John Robinson 2 choice butchers' cows and heifers av 877 lbs at \$4.10.

McHugh sold Fetz 7 good butchers' steers av 1,010 lbs at \$5.

Fleischman sold Marx a mixed lot of 10 head of fair butchers' stock av 800 lbs at \$4.25.

Loveclod sold Marshack a mixed lot of 5 head of thin butchers' stock av 638 lbs at \$3.65.

Ramsey sold Jaisie a mixed lot of 4 head of fair butchers' stock av 812 lbs at \$4.10.

Robb sold Marshack 2 fair butchers' steers av 850 lbs at \$4.25.

Ramsey sold Loosemore 8 coarse cows av 973 lbs at \$3.40 and 2 to Sullivan av 1,500 lbs at \$3.50.

Richmond sold Meyers 2 fair butchers' heifers av 690 lbs at \$4.

Ramsey sold Robinson 4 stockers av 700 lbs at \$3.25.

BUFFALO.

CATTLE.—Receipts, 6,528, against 12,355 the previous week. The offerings of sale stock on Monday was comparatively light, and mostly of common stock. The attendance of buyers was light, and the supply was fully equal to the demand.

The highest price paid was \$2.35 for a load of choice 1,300 lbs steers. Good shippers brought \$5.00 @ 5.50, and fair to medium, \$4.00 @ 4.50; mixed butchers' stock sold at \$3.00 @ 4.00 for poor to choice. Tuesday being Christmas there was but little trading. On Wednesday trade was dull and the receipts light. Prices were all of 25 cents per hundred lower than the opening prices of Monday.

Of Michigan cattle, 21 steers av 1,181 lbs sold at \$3.25; 2 extra oxen av 1,835 lbs a \$4.30; 4 do av 1,742 lbs at \$3.25; 2 do av 1,680 lbs at \$3; 22 stockers av 808 lbs at \$3.75; 23 do av 701 lbs at \$3.50; 13 do av 817 lbs at \$3.70; 17 do av 774 lbs at \$3.60; 17 do av 713 lbs at \$3.50; 23 feeders av 662 lbs at \$4.20; 17 mixed butchers' stock av 850 lbs at \$3.50. The following were the closing

quotations: Extra Bees—Graded steers weighing 1,400 lbs and upwards..... \$5 00 @ 5 70 Choice Bees—Pine, fat, well-formed steers, weighing 1,300 to 1,400 lbs..... 4 35 @ 4 65 Good Bees—Well-fattened steers weighing 1,200 to 1,300 lbs..... 4 00 @ 4 50 Medium Grades—Steers in fine flesh, weighing 1,000 to 1,200 lbs..... 3 75 @ 4 00 Good Butcher's Stock—Light fat steers weighing 900 to 1,000 lbs..... 3 50 @ 4 25 Heifer—Fair to choice..... 3 75 @ 4 00 Cows and Heifers—Good to choice..... 3 00 @ 3 50 Texans and Choicest..... 3 75 @ 4 00 Mixed Butcher's Stock—Common steers, stage, old cows, light heifers, etc., etc..... 3 40 @ 4 50 Feeders—Good to choice..... 3 40 @ 4 50 Stock Steers—Well-fattened steers weighing 900 to 1,000 lbs..... 3 50 @ 4 25 Canadian feeders..... 4 40 @ 4 65 Veals—Fair to prime of 100 to 210 lbs average..... 4 00 @ 4 70

Swiss.—Receipts, 460, against 24,500 the previous week. The sheep trade was not at all satisfactory one. Reports from the eastern markets were unfavorable and shippers made a poor showing. Feeders bought to some extent and